AT THE U.N.: EPILOGUE TO TRAGEDY by Jane Stolle

THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 30, 1961 . . 25c

THE RADICAL RIGHT

Eugene V. Schneider

SOVIET SOCIETY

Pretense vs. Practice

Margaret Miller

SCIENTISTS FOR PEACE

Theodore Roszak

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LETTERS

The Exemption Nobody Knows

Dear Sirs: Thank you for Theodore Roszak's demonstration of the logic of "unilateral disarmament" [Sept. 9] and for articles exposing the domination of our educational institutions by military and rightist propagandists. It is this domination, and the associated caution of school officials everywhere, that shuts away Americans from such vital information as Mr. Roszak presents.

This is why, for example, young people are generally ignorant that a man who is of draft age can express his personal unilateral disarmament by becoming a "conscientious objector" who does "civilian work contributing to the national health or safety" (classification I-O). Today very few young men discover that there is this classification for which they have the right to apply if they object to taking up weapons against other men and if they base that objection on beliefs which they define as "religious." Fewer still are aware (where would they read it? who would tell them?) that once certified as I-O they may choose their two years' assignment from a wide range of educational, medical, social service and governmental jobs; and that some of the overseas work available with agencies like the American Friends Service Committee resembles what the Peace Corps volunteers will be doing. And fewer still learn that classification as a conscientious objector can be applied for and obtained not only at the age of eighteen, when a man registers, but also continually thereafter—until the time when he fulfills the two years' obligation.

Clergymen in a few hundred churches across the nation and chaplains in perhaps a dozen leading colleges see that some of this information is available. Otherwise there is virtual silence. Does the free democracy that provides constructive alternatives of service for its conscientious objectors actually do so if this provision is not revealed to its young citizens? ALLAN BRICK
Goucher College

Baltimore, Md.

More on Roszak

Dear Sirs: Re Theodore Roszak's interesting article on disarmament, there is one point he overlooked. The New York *Sunday News,* May 29, 1960, in a dispatch from London, quoted the British Defense Minister, Harold Watkinson, as recommending that the Western defense program be maintained at a peak in order to force Russia to keep its own defense expenditures up and prevent the Russians from increasing the output of consumer goods. P. GOLDBERG

New York City

NOTE TO READERS: The Government Printing Office has notified us that the Aug. 8 issue of the Congressional Record, *containing a reprint of Fred J. Cook's "The CIA," has been sold out.*

The Nation *issue of June 24, which carried the original story, went through two large printings and has also been sold out. —* EDITORS.

Better Than Arms

Dear Sirs: In referring to the article "The Brass Trumpet," by Stanley Meisler, in your issues of Sept. 2 and 9: It is commendable that even the pupils of the Holy Redeemer Elementary School in Portsmouth, Ohio, are requesting all available weapons, such as Browning automatic rifles and submachine guns, to help them learn about arms, thus preparing themselves for future military service.

They should also understand that the living God still reigns over heaven and earth and "except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain" (Psalm 127:1); they should also understand that while some put their trust in weapons of war, the wise man puts his trust in his Creator.

Chicago, Ill. JOHN C. MCCLENDON

In Justice to Mr. Williams

Dear Sirs: Issue must be taken with your editorial, "Violence Won't Work" (Sept. 9 issue), in which you state that "A Negro leader, Robert F. Williams, has publicly advocated violence as a means of ending racial restrictions." This is simply not true. . . . This is made clear by an interview with David Morton, a twenty-one-year-old Freedom Rider and member of the Monroe (N.C.) Non-Violent Action Committee, which appeared in *The Militant* of September 4 and 11. Morton states: "... I know of no serious criticism of Williams' actions or line of conduct by any of them [the Non-Violent Action Committee]. And we had daily meetings of the MNVAC at which problems and tactics were freely discussed.

"Williams' purpose was to get the Fourteenth Amendment upheld for all citizens of Monroe.... He tried to keep the people disciplined. He stressed to his followers that *any violence should be only defensive and that there should not be any retaliatory violence.* He emphasized to the local citizens that at no time—even in self-defense—should they act violently while working with the MNVAC." (Italics added.)

Los Angeles, Calif. FRANK KOFSKY

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Durable Dove

Last week, when the outlook for peace and disarmament was as bleak as it has ever been in the postwar period, the House by a vote of 291 to 54 passed, with slight modifications, the Administration-sponsored measure creating a permanent agency devoted to planning and research for disarmament. It had previously passed in the Senate. To be sure, Congress acted with exceptional dispatch because the President was eager to point out, in his address to the United Nations, that we were now the one nation in the world that has an agency of this kind. But that is not in itself an unworthy motive and does not, in any case, detract from the importance of the action. Opponents of the measure, in the House debate, took the position that now, with the intensification of the cold war, was not the time to create such an agency: it might be interpreted as a "sign of weakness." It is, of course, a mark of strength and must be scored as a major accomplishment both for the Administration and for Congress.

In addition, a new private research institution devoted to peace and disarmament — Peace Research Institute — has been established under the direction of James J. Wadsworth, who represented the United States in the prolonged disarmament talks in Geneva, and who cannot be accused of lack of experience in this field. There are so few agencies of this type in existence that the appearance of a new one, and at this juncture, is news as startling as it is refreshing. "Research for war" remains the dominant emphasis with the foundations and semi-public institutes; for one Peace Research Institute there are a dozen RAND Corporations. But that is only another reason for extending encouragement and support to Peace Research Institute. Then, too, notice should be taken of recent stirrings in the labor movement. For example, the current issue of the *Industrial Union Digest,* quarterly organ of the Industrial Union Department of AFL-CIO, carries an excellent article, "Planning for Peace," that certainly did not receive the imprimatur of Mr. George Meany.

The dove of peace, nearly asphyxiated by the mushroom clouds of atomic detonations, bruised and battered by the blasts of anti-missile missiles, blackened by the obscene soot and debris of modern weapons and in constant danger of being blown to smithereens, still manages, on one wing perhaps, to stay aloft.

Profile in Non-Courage

What has happened to Konrad Adenauer should be a lesson to politicians everywhere, but it is a lesson which probably will be heeded nowhere. The lesson is that the illusionment of the voters is the easiest and cheapest way of cadging votes, but it must be paid for in the end. One might as well have the courage of one's convictions and succeed, or fail honorably.

The beneficiaries in the German election were the Free Democrats, who in domestic matters lean to a sort of Barry Goldwater conservatism, and in foreign affairs offer their services as "specialists in power." They stand for a reunified Germany and they know the only way to get it is to negotiate with the only people who can give it to them: the Russians. If, therefore, they should secure a majority in some future election, or, what is less remote, a decisive voice in a coalition government, Germany might be reunited on Russian terms: Bonn's withdrawal from NATO, and neutrality in name though not necessarily in fact.

Adenauer lost votes to the Free Democrats for a number of reasons, the most significant of which is that he was playing at ducks and drakes with the electorate and the more intelligent section saw through him. Adenauer's basic conviction was, and is, that West Germany belongs with the West, with the NATO countries. Hence his *entente cordiale* with France, his participation in the Common Market, in NATO's military setup, etc. But the Warsaw Pact powers stood athwart his taking East Germany into the European community with him. The talk of reunification by free elections was nonsense: why should the Russians allow West Germany, with three times the population, to swallow up East Germany? A united Berlin, as long

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as it existed, gave some color to the vision of a united Germany, but that dream ended when Khrushchev and Ulbricht sundered Berlin.

Logically, and if he had dared to be honest with the electorate, Adenauer should have acceded — not necessarily for all time, but for the foreseeable future —to the division of Germany along the present lines. Instead, for years he followed the policy of illusionment, not only because it appealed to the sentimental German patriot and the refugees from the "lost" provinces, but because it conformed with the views of that arch-visionary, his friend John Foster Dulles. In return, he was permitted to exercise a *de facto* veto over American policy in relation to Germany, if not all Europe. This comforting illusion is now ended. Dulles is dead and so is the policy.

Through all these years, *The Nation* has reiterated its view that the policy was one of folly and deception. No one, other than the nationalistic Germans and the Dulles partisans, wanted to see Germany unified. Not the Russians, not the Poles, not the Czechs, not the French, not the British, not the Americans, and not all the West Germans, either. Yet no one dared to say so on the West side of the iron curtain. Unreality finally gave way to reality, and with it Adenauer's usefulness, such as it was, came to an end also.

The Fallout Switch

In an article in the *Reader's Digest,* Admiral Lewis L. Strauss minimizes the danger of radioactive fallout from nuclear testing. He has done this for years, as a corollary to his urging that the United States resume atomic testing. He is supported by weapon-minded scientists like Edward Teller. Among the arguments commonly used is that we are all subject to natural radiation from the earth and outer space. This argument, as Dr. Philip Siekevitz pointed out in a letter to *The New York Times,* is misleading. Cosmic rays are not a major source of dosage: their penetrating power is high, but a particle passes through whatever is in its way without further damage. Strontium-90 and carbon-14, on the contrary, tend to become concentrated by living organisms, eventually end up in the food we eat and drink, and are further concentrated in vulnerable parts of the human body.

One would think, inasmuch as the Russians are now testing in the sky and the Kennedy Administration is assiduously contrasting their pollution of the atmosphere with our virtuous underground testing, that these fallacies would not be spread by the Teller-Strauss school. Why are they, in effect, defending the Russians? At the very least, their forecasts are premature. Radiation levels have risen appreciably, but it will be at least the spring of 1962 before the extent of fallout from the Russian tests can be accurately gauged. At the symposium on radioactivity at Fort Collins, Colorado, the increase of radioactive isotopes in marine life, even preceding the test resumption, has been noted.

The probable reason for playing the Russians' hand for them is that, by all indications, the United States will resume nuclear testing in the atmosphere as soon as preparations can be completed and the propaganda value of our present abstinence has been used up. Underground tests can give a good deal of information but, after all, nuclear bombs are not exploded underground in a war. The only present use of nuclear bombs in warfare is on the earth's surface and in the atmosphere, and under water. Atmospheric or near-ground bursts are the most likely to be generally used, and we shall test accordingly. In the meantime, the public is being tranquilized by the usual techniques.

How Does McNamara Do It?

It has been generally assumed that the problem of getting order into the Pentagon was a superhuman task. Charles E. Wilson (General Motors Charlie) knew Detroit inside-out, but was not conspicuously successful in the Pentagon. Only Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara seems to be getting somewhere and, considering that he has been in office only eight months, he is getting there fast.

John G. Norris, the military writer of *The Washington Post,* lists a dozen of McNamara's accomplishments. Some are of only secondary importance, but others, such as the establishment of a Defense Intelligence Agency, creation of a new Defense Supply Agency, revamping of the Pentagon's missile-base construction organization, and rearrangement and coordination of the functions of the assistant secretaries of the services, promise to give better defense for less money. What is as important as the actual changes, Norris points out, is that McNamara has done the job without changes in the laws governing, or attempting to govern, the activities of the Pentagon. He has functioned with a minimum of publicity and visible controversy, and without antagonizing the powerful chairmen of the Senate and House Armed Services Committees.

What is the magic? Simply the utilization of the existing but disused powers of the Secretary of Defense, by making it clear that civilians are the bosses of the military in all policy matters. "End runs"— appeals to Congress over the Secretary's head after a decision has been made — have had so little prospect of success that few have been attempted and those few have failed. McNamara has listened to both sides, made up his mind after due deliberation, and made it clear that his was the course to be followed. There have been some wrong decisions, no doubt, but if Clemenceau's dictum is sound — that war is too important to be left to the generals — how much more valid is the argu-

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ment that the management of a gigantic defense-procurement effort cannot be left to the military alone!

But how long can he last? Or rather, how long can he put up with the sniping from the right-wing Congressmen who, heavily bestarred themselves, seem to believe that military rank is a sacred thing, never to be challenged or questioned? Under Senator Thurmond's fire, McNamara has already had to demonstrate that he is not soft on communism, merely because he had decided to lower the boom — rather too gently — on some of the right-wing blowhards in the services. McNamara had a nervous breakdown, from overwork, while he was at Ford Motors. If he finds himself headed for another, he might figure he has done what he could and depart for greener pastures. So far as the country is concerned, it would be a pity.

The Angry Voice of Congress

On September 7 the House, in one of its periodic tantrums, voted 90 to 1 for a "sweeping investigation" into U. S. trade with Communist nations. The lone negative vote devolved on a technicality and did not really register dissent. The resolution called for the formation of a five-man select committee to investigate U.S. trade policies; in particular, how sales of machinery and other goods to the Communist bloc affect American security. The practically unanimous vote, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, marked a "stunning triumph" for Representative Glenard P. Lipscomb, a statesman from Los Angeles, who for three years has waged "a continual and often lonely battle for a Congressional investigation of trade with countries beyond the Iron Curtain."

This time Representative Lipscomb was not lonely. Representative Clarence J. Brown (R-Ohio) called it a "damnable outrage" that the Commerce Department should issue licenses for the sale of "strategic material" to the Red bloc. Representative William M. Colmer (D-Miss.) recalled that we sold petroleum and scrap iron to Japan before Pearl Harbor. Other speakers inveighed against unidentified bureaucrats who were selling out the country. As the initiator of the great crusade, Representative Lipscomb is assured of a place as the ranking Republican on the select committee.

A week before, Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges had given assurances that his department was being doubly careful in handling applications for exports to iron-curtain countries, but, as often happens in psychopathic wards, this only had the effect of heightening the tumult. Nor were the Congressmen calmed by an article by Assistant Professor Lynn Turgeon of Hofstra College on "The Significance of Soviet Trade Policies" in the *Illinois Business Review* (July, 1961), since it is highly improbable that any of them had ever troubled to read it. Professor Turgeon concluded that the policies heretofore followed have been generally beneficial and advantageous to the United States. In particular, our exports to the Soviet Union have usually commanded premium prices. As for trade with the uncommitted nations, the Soviet Union asks only for neutrality, while we roil the waters by "insistent demands for allegiance."

President Kennedy has said that he would like to have his message heard more clearly behind the iron curtain. Trade is a form of communication. It is a safe bet, however, that the Lipscomb select committee will not make things easier for the President.

SAVING AMERICA, INC. . . *by John Kay Adams*

Chicago

BILLY JAMES HARGIS of Tulsa, Oklahoma, paused at the back of the gold and crystal grand ballroom of the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel. With an appraising eye, he surveyed the 500 men and women in the audience. The men were Midwest-prosperous, and their women a scattering of mink stoles with a no-lipstick fringe group.

JOHN KAY ADAMS, assistant city editor of the Chicago Sun-Times, *has done considerable free-lance writing.*

As he waited for an introduction, Billy James chatted purposefully with reporters. Suddenly, he turned to an assistant who was carrying some shallow wicker baskets for the collection. "Oh, no!" said Billy James. "Those are too small. Go get some ice buckets."

A moment later the warm-up speaker announced the Reverend Dr. Billy James Hargis, founder and director of the Christian Crusade and national president of We, the People! The audience turned, saw their man for the first time and burst into a standing ovation.

(We, the People! is one of those organizations standing in the wings while the John Birch Society holds the center spotlight on the national stage. We, the People! also is trying to convince the country that our greatest, in fact, our only, danger is from internal subversion by godless liberal - Socialist - Communism. The people in such organizations want to impeach Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren, withdraw from the United Nations, abolish foreign aid, repeal the income tax and get tough with Russia.)

When the evening ended hours

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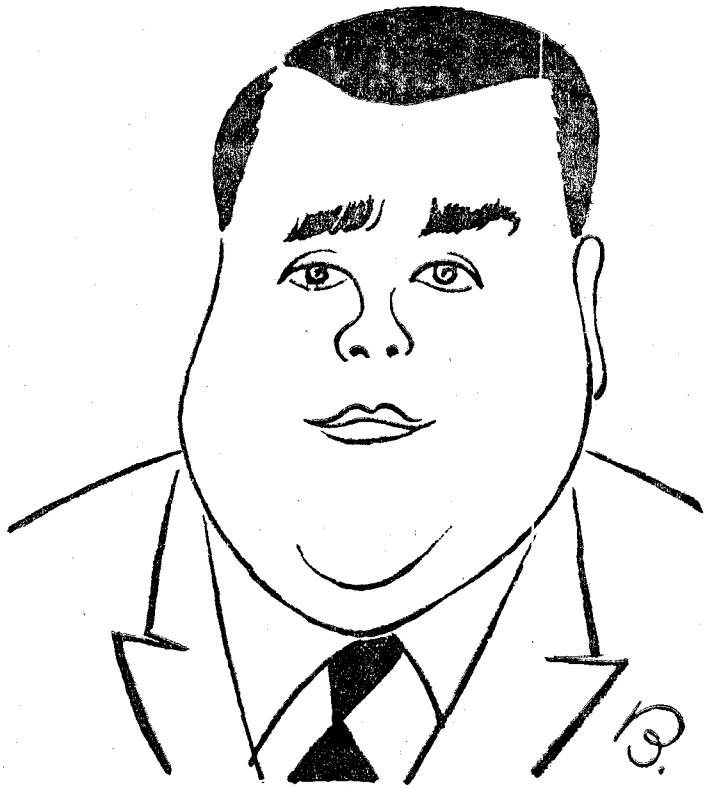
later in Billy James's hotel room, I had learned a lot about this half-sophisticated, determined young spellbinder, who at the age of thirty-six, is one of the powers of the radical Right.

Billy James began his message by announcing proudly that the whole Christian Crusade "of which I know most of you are a part" is going to have this "wonderful program on Mutual" this fall. "All together," he said, "we are going to be on 500 radio and TV stations all over this great country."

Billy James was then really ready to blast off.

"Something has been burning in my heart," he said. "I have a handwritten letter from a young Air Force Reserve officer right here." He waved a letter. He told at length about this "fine young man" who was distressed because he no longer could give anti-Communist book reviews on Air Force bases. "Whoever heard of a war," Billy James shouted, "where your soldiers can't talk about the enemy?"



The Reverend Billy James Hargis

HIS NEXT subject was the United Nations, which he called "nothing but an instrument used to tie our hands while the Communists continue to conquer the world." He hurried on into a dire economic forecast: the Communists, he said, are ruining the economy by draining gold reserves out of Fort Knox.

From there it was an easy shift to an all-out attack on foreign aid.

Suddenly, he was back on the subject of the liberal-Socialist-Communist infiltration of everything, including the clergy. "There is a growing awareness of the Communist conspiracy," he said. "The thing that has contributed to this more than anything else is that wonderful, wonderful film, *Operation Abolition*, seen by 17 million people."

"I haven't lost all hope yet for our young President," he added. "He was right in ordering the Cuban invasion and wrong in not assuring that it was a success. He is negative when he tries to negotiate with the Godless Communists. Negotiation is the most successful weapon of war the Communists have ever devised. But I believe our young President can still go down in history as the greatest President we ever had if he stops listening to his bad advisers and calls Khrushchev's bluff. If he doesn't do that, I'm afraid we have elected our last President."

THEN BILLY JAMES came to the hard news in his message, the portions he had given the reporters in advance.

"Now, my friends, I have a plan," he said. "I'm announcing it for the first time right here tonight.

"There are 2,000 right-wing organizations in this country running in 2,000 different directions at the same time. We must get together to save this country. Now, I never will be in favor of any physical combination. We don't want that, because the way it is now, if the Communists take over the Christian Crusade or We, the People! or one or two of our organizations, we will still have 1,900 other groups fighting them.

"In January," he continued, "we're going to hold a meeting in Washington of the heads of as many of these groups as possible to form a Fraternity of Country-Savers. There will never be any publicity or press releases about this. It will be strictly a fraternity of men who believe in the power of God and the United Front. The Communists have used the United Front to destroy this country and we can use the United Front to save it."

Such a fraternity will be tremendously effective as a Congressional pressure group, he said. "The Communists boast that they can put 70,000 letters on any subject on the desks of Congressmen. We can do better than that. We've already done better with just two of our organizations." His Christian Crusade and the John Birch Society, working together, had organized a campaign in support of General Walker, he explained, and as a result 140,000 telegrams were sent to Washington.

As Billy James stepped up the tempo of his message, his audience seemed to swell with hatred, part of it directed toward me as a reporter. "Print that in your Red paper," a neighbor snorted at me at one point.

The evangelist then told how his Christian Crusaders, in a Tulsa convention in August, had given more than $40,000 to pay for his time on the Mutual network. God moved them to do it, he said. "One man, a rancher at Big Spring, Texas, gave

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At the U.N.: Epilogue to Tragedy . . . by Jane Stolle

United Nations

SHOCK AND PERSONAL sorrow at the death of Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold is giving way to the exigencies of carrying on business as usual. Momentum and tradition, for the time being, are the motivating forces; Mongi Slim of Tunisia was elected President of the Sixteenth General Assembly, and the committee chairmen have been chosen. After an afternoon of formal eulogies to the late Secretary General, the Steering Committee set to work on the agenda. Visitors see little evidence, from their vantage point in the public galleries, that the world organization, behind the scenes, is readying itself for a new and crucial era.

The tragic death of Hammarskjold brings to a head a crisis that has long been brewing. Mixed with the confusion, sorrow and apprehension felt by the majority of the delegates is a certain air of relief that at long last the impending struggle between East and West over the reorganization of the U.N. will now be forced into a decisive phase. Few thought the struggle could be avoided; and many feared the consequences to themselves and to the organization of months of pressure and in-fighting that seemed certain to accompany it. There are no illusions that this stepped-up fight will be easy or short. But at least it will come *now*; and the air, hopefully, will be cleared that much sooner.

The new members will be particularly relieved, though they are far from decided as to how they want the battle to come out. The sixteen newly independent nations that entered the U.N. in 1960 soon found themselves in the midst of the Congo chaos. In the course of heated debates, filled with accusations and recriminations, the Africans were plunged into big-power politics. This they had hoped to avoid with the help of the U.N., and the early days of the organization's participation in the Congo operation had strengthened the hope. As the world now knows, it was not to be.

Why? What went wrong? Suspicions and doubts arose as to the propriety of the U.N.'s entering into such an operation at all. Yet the young, defenseless nations realize that they, above all, need the U.N. The question in their minds, which they hope will be at least partially answered in the new period of reassessment which the world body will undergo, is: what should be its role in their future? What lessons were learned from the Congo experience?

The late Secretary General must have asked himself that question many times. Repeatedly, in public utterances and writings, he said that though in the historic stage which the world had reached a world organization had become a necessity, the U.N. must be recognized as an imperfect if indispensable answer to this need. He told the British Parliament on April 2, 1958:

> The [world] forces in play impose limits on the extension of power that the world organization can take at each step, limits beyond which it cannot progress, until the equilibrium of forces permits it, thanks to an organic evolution of the system of customs and laws in force in international society.

Again, on a German television program on May 10, 1959, he said:

> It is . . . natural for anyone who follows international affairs closely to wonder sometimes whether the present forms of world organization, limited though they may be, are not somewhat ahead of their time.

So, in a way, Hammarskjold disregarded his own warnings at the cost of his own life. The world is perhaps not at the stage of history to permit such a step forward as he intended the Congo operation to be. To insulate a country from the cold war, to tutor it into responsible nationhood with the help of international U.N. experts, was a concept that demanded honor among big nations and responsibility among small — most of all, from the Congo itself. The story is not over in the Congo, but already clear is the fact that it cannot have the happy ending Hammarskjold hoped for it. Belgium, of course, is the blackest villain, but recent news reports from England indicate that Hammarskjold himself had tacitly admitted to U.N. mismanagement in the Congo the past few weeks. For whatever the reasons, the Congo operation would seem to be something less than successful. Yet there are pluses, too, which must be added to Hammarskjold's great victories for peace in other areas. The greatest is that neocolonialism is discredited for all time in the entire world; and the former colonial powers have been put on notice to this effect.

THERE ARE those in the U.N. who think that the late Secretary General—exceptional man though he was—tried to carry the world ahead on his shoulders too fast, and too singlehandedly. Even if it were possible to find a man of his caliber to succeed him, there would be hesitation in many camps to accord his successor the same liberal interpretation of his office. The U.N., they remind one, is not a sovereign government and must obtain majority support from its members in order to function. For that reason, responsibility for the taking of action must be shared by the majority. This does not obviate the need for the "quiet diplomacy" for which Hammarskjold became so widely known and generally praised. But, slower though the process may be, open and full debate of steps to be taken in a crucial situation may in the long run have less dangerous consequences for the U.N.

Proponents of this view also distrust a hurried solution of the problem caused by the death of the Secretary General: what, or who, is to replace him. The USSR is not alone in favoring a full airing of the *troika* question. There are those who point out that there is an able under-secretariat that has already, in the past few days, negotiated a successful cease-fire in the Congo war. This could function jointly, in an interim capacity, as a Secretary General while the three-headed Russian plan is either exposed for the monster some claim it to be, or a compromise is reached and an able man is found, acceptable to all, to become the new Secretary General, or *troika* is found to be what the majority wants. These obsevers are certain that the *troika* plan as it stands would fail in full debate. They have faith in

(Continued on page 216)

JANE STOLLE is The Nation's *U.N. correspondent.*

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$10,000," he went on. "I could hardly contain myself because this was God. He was not a rich man. I met him after the meeting. 'Reverend Hargis,' he told me. 'I have a contract to sell my motel. I'm going to get $25,000. I'm real sorry I couldn't give it all.' "

Billy James didn't neglect the small giver.

"We don't have big money behind us," he said. "In our Christian Crusade we raise over a million dollars a year to carry on this work. Last year we had just one $20,000 gift, from a dentist in Wisconsin. The next largest was $1,000, and there were no more of those than you could count on the fingers of one hand.

"In Tulsa we have fifty people working full time trying to save this country. One woman, twelve years ago, sent us a quarter wrapped in a piece of bread paper. And every week for twelve years she has sent us a quarter wrapped in a piece of bread paper."

Then he uttered a prayer:

"We don't have millionaire angels, Lord. . . . There are 1,700 local groups affiliated with We, the People! I pray, Father, that we may give tonight for these good people who are trying to save this great country. They need the money, Lord. Amen."

With scarcely a pause: "Are there two people here tonight who will give $10,000?"

He asked, and asked, and asked again until a gray-haired man in a brown suit said quietly, "I will."

At the $5,000 level, Billy James had no takers. Nor did there seem to be any at the $2,000 level. At $1,000 the money began to roll in.

The ushers came forward—carrying those ice buckets.

OUTSIDE the ballroom, I approached Billy James, identified myself as a reporter, and said I would like to ask some questions.

"Do you know the man who gave the $10,000?" was the first question.

"No," he answered.

"How do you know he will pay the pledge?"

"Come up to the room and we'll talk," he said.

In the privacy of his room, Billy James did not bother with the resounding phrases he had used so effectively on the audience. His manner was friendly and persuasive. At the outset of our interview, he recalled and answered the question I had asked in the corridor.

"I don't know if the man will pay that $10,000 pledge," he said. "These are all faith pledges. We never dun people for them. I've never sent a dunning letter in my life. I leave it to the Lord. I don't know what will happen here with We, the People! In the Christian Crusade we get 75 per cent of our pledges. We just write off the other 25 per cent.

"As for that good man who gave the $10,000 tonight, if that pledge was a phony, I didn't know it."

(Billy James estimated that the pledges amounted to $25,000 the first night. At the end of the convention, he announced that the total had been $5,000 in cash and $23,000 in pledges.)

I asked if he was sensitive about exacting money from his audience. "Do you think I'm just a money-raiser?" he replied. "Of course I'm sensitive. Tonight there were three doctors in the audience. I like to have doctors, because they have influence and can do a lot in their communities. They got up and walked out. I didn't want to offend them, and I'm sorry I did. Some of our people followed them to try to explain how much we need the money. We were sorry to lose them.

"Look, we don't have any Texas oilmen. People say H. L. Hunt gives me money. H. L. Hunt has not given me one dollar.

"It costs $75,000 a month just to open our doors down in Tulsa. The money goes for printing and mailing machines and for radio and TV time. We have a budget of $1,000,000 this year. We've got to get that money.

"I don't get any money out of this. The Christian Crusade pays my salary, but We, the People! doesn't pay me anything. We, the People! is political. It gives me a chance to do something in the political area. But the Christian Crusade is strictly religious."

That was in answer to a question about the tax-deduction arrangements for his supporters. Donations to the Christian Crusade are tax deductible; those to We, the People! are not.

The question seemed to remind Billy James of the practical problem of protecting the tax-deductible status of Christian Crusade contributions. He went to some length to explain the position of the Christian Crusade when it was working with the John Birch Society on the letters campaign in the General Walker case. "Those letters were not political," he said. "We were just asking for a full investigation."

HE SAID he was trained in the ministry by the Disciples of Christ at Ozark Bible College in Bentonville, Arkansas. "Maybe some people can look at it another way," he said, "but for me the Bible is either true, and everything in it is true, or it is a pack of lies. I believe in the absolute authority of the Bible. In the National Conference of Churches, they only half-believe.

"I'm a liberal when it comes to religion. I don't believe in denominational structures. The ministry is just like anything else. Every preacher wants a bigger pulpit. Maybe I'm too independent, but that's the way I am."

I asked him why he and his followers equate liberalism and communism. "I don't say they are the same thing," he answered. "But a liberal has taken a big step toward becoming a Communist."

What about nationalism and Christianity? Why does he think God is an American?

"I don't think God is an American," he answered. "I believe God could get along without America, but America is the best hope of God in this world. America can't get along without God.

"What civilization there is now in the world is due to the missionaries sent out from America. The government has almost stopped it. There aren't many missionaries any more. Maybe the missionaries got lazy and decided to let the government do our work. I don't know. Everything is impersonal now. The government takes care of you with a check.

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"The church spread the word of God by fulfilling needs. People need two things: food and medical care for their bodies. Missionaries took care of those needs and also took care of spiritual needs. The government can't do anything about spiritual needs. It just hands out money."

FEELING as he does, Billy James does everything in his power to stop foreign aid. He attacks the United Nations with corresponding energy, because he is appalled at the prospect of a United Nations armed force. He believes such a force will destroy America by taking away its sovereignty.

Khrushchev can conquer us only through subversion, he believes. The Soviets would never start a war, and all the talk about a nuclear holocaust is merely part of a subversive campaign to frighten us and soften us for the Communist conspirators.

"Does your conscience bother you when you are manipulating an audience as you did tonight?" I asked. "Don't you feel that these people are semi-educated? They seem to be easily led by their emotions."

"I'm a trained speaker," he replied. "Any minister has to be. I know when I have an audience with me. I had them with me tonight. You know, there was a man in the back of the room waving an American flag. That sort of inspired me.

"Yes, people are uninformed and ignorant, but I believe this is generally true, and not just in my audiences.

"Besides, I think it is the ignorant people who are going to save this country."

I told him that the audience had shown hostility to me as a reporter, and that the hatred had seemed to swell in the course of the meeting.

"I have experiences like that, too," he said. "As I was walking out tonight, a man accused me of selling out to the Jews. Now that was an awful thing to say to me. We never have had any racism or anti-Semitism in this movement. I have called Gerald L. K. Smith a phony.

"We do see those people now and then. They are kind of wild-eyed."

He brought up the question of civil rights himself: "You have to realize that I was born in the South. I had to learn this. When I figured it out, I knew it was dead wrong to deprive the Negroes of their Constitutional rights. I'm criticized for this stand in the South."

The suspicion and hatred that flourishes among members of We, the People! was not particularly surprising. The Chicago suburbs have felt the impact of intramural Communist-hunting. At Glenview, northwest of Chicago, a school for anti-Communists was staged at the Naval Air Station by Frederick C. Schwarz of Long Beach, California, executive director of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade. (The Billy James Hargis Christian Crusade is separate, but equal.)

Inspired by Schwarz and the station commander, Navy Reserve officers formed a local anti-Communist organization. Enlisted men from the nearby Great Lakes Naval Training Center organized a traveling company to show the movie *Operation Abolition* to thousands of Midwestern audiences, many of them in high school assemblies.

In the general hysteria created, John Birch Society organizers moved in to help out. At one point, the Catholic priest in Glenview, in the parish newsletter, accused a Protestant church of "playing into the hands of the Reds." From the pulpit, a Protestant minister called the John Birch Society "Fascist." Vicious quarrels broke out within individual churches, and neighbor fought neighbor.

I sketched this dismal history for Billy James and asked him if the stirring of such disastrous hatreds are of concern to him.

They are not. "Any denominational struggle will produce friction," he said.

HOW LARGE are these anti-Communist groups? Billy James said he has 300,000 on the mailing list for his Christian Crusade weekly newsletter. We, the People! claims "1,700 local chapters capable of influencing millions of people," but refuses to be specific. Robert H. W. Welch carefully hides his John Birch Society membership figures. There is a great deal of overlapping; among We the People! directors and members of its national advisory board are at least six members of the John Birch Society.

AFTER the convention, where he was re-elected president, Billy James left on a speaking tour of the West Coast. In January he will be in the East, whipping together his Fraternity of Country-Savers.

Perhaps in Washington he will find polished political opportunists who will remove his crudities while preserving the zeal he now projects. Such a reformation seems unlikely, for Billy James is not apt to compromise. He said he has no political ambitions, and he believes that. He has to believe it to continue to believe his cause is pure.

Billy James is an "answer man"—an effective one because he believes he is absolutely right. The average inarticulate citizen who comes within range of his persuasive power is unprepared by education or prior reflection to enter the debate between communism and individual liberty. He finds himself in the bewildering position of being against something and unable to explain why, let alone do something to further his own cause.

Billy James stands in the void, showing the way.

Save this wonderful country from the godless Communists, cries Billy James. His clarion call to action is from the heart, loud and clear, and unencumbered by thought.

God is good. Communists are bad. We are for God and against Communists. We are the good ones. Our enemies are among us and we must destroy them even if some people get hurt.

Does Billy James Hargis have a chance to influence the future conduct of the United States? Is it enough to be for God and against Communists? Even Billy James wants to know. Near the end of our private conversation, he asked:

"What do you think, John? Do you think my crusade will succeed?"

He had been candid and direct, and so was I. "No," was my answer, "I don't."

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Soviet Society: Pretense vs. Practice . . *by Margaret Miller*

WHEN THE projected Program of the Communist Party was published at the end of July, it was the first part, looking outwards at the competing ideologies of capitalism and communism, and the problems of coexistence, which attracted most attention. The second part, looking inwards at what is going to happen in the Soviet Union itself during the next two decades, deserves equally careful study, because official doctrine as stated therein by no means coincides with what is going on in the country as revealed in the Soviet press. This is a reflection of the gulf which has always existed in Russia between the small ruling class and the vast masses of those whom it governs. Russia's present rulers, as were their czarist predecessors, are a long way from having achieved a synthesis between the policies which they pursue and the hopes and desires of the people through whom these policies must be implemented.

The situation arises inescapably from the harsh facts of Russian history, and can be resolved only by a process of slow evolution within the country itself. In the meantime, we in the Western democracies ought to discern as much as possible of the deep trends of thought and opinion which lie behind the monolithic front of official statements, in order to see to what extent fruitful cooperation between the two systems is immediately practicable — concentrating, as President Kennedy has counseled, on the things we have in common, rather than on the many factors which divide us.

The Program is deeply concerned with the unsatisfactory performance of collectivized agriculture in feeding the cities and providing industry with raw material. Enormous improvements are envisaged: total production is to go up three and a half times, and productivity of labor five or six times. This is to be achieved by increasing supplies of fertilizers, developing irrigation schemes and applying scientific methods to the land. Official expectation is that the resulting prosperity of government farms will be so great that private farming will simply "wither away"; the collective farmer will see that it is no longer worth his while to bother with it.

This picture of what may happen in twenty years has remarkably little in common with what is actually happening now. Far from "withering away," these small private plots still account for about half the food consumed in the Soviet Union. The fairly well-off Soviet city dweller, who can afford to shop at private markets, gets most of his milk, meat, butter and eggs from this source. If he could get them from state-run establishments, they would be cheaper, but at present there are just not enough of them. A recent report showed that at one of the town markets in Saratov, on the Volga, only one-third of the produce displayed came from state organizations, and this third was inferior in quality and unattractive in appearance as compared with goods of private sellers. The relative cheapness of the state fruit and vegetables could not redress the balance.

ALL OVER the country, from the Baltic states to the Central Asian republics, there are reports of communal work on the collective farms being neglected in favor of the cultivation of private plots. In Kiev Province, cases were cited of farmers who harvested two crops in the year from their personal holdings, but had "no time" to do any work on their collective farm. And while they devoted themselves to private farming, able-bodied members of their families took jobs in Kiev, leaving only some relative, perhaps an elderly mother, to "work" on the collective farm. On a state farm in Kazakhstan, communal livestock died by the thousands during the winter for lack of fodder. Privately owned animals survived, partly because of the personal care lavished on them, partly because they enjoyed fodder hauled out to private farmsteads from state farm stocks.

The Program reveals, perhaps unintentionally, some of the reasons for this stubborn devotion to private farming. The standard of living in country districts, where half the population still live and work, is a long way below that of the towns. The level of wages is lower than in industry, and remuneration varies widely between one collective farm and another: the peasant has as yet no guaranteed monthly wage. He also suffers from a shortage of social services which ease life in the towns: he is not included in the welfare services, sickness benefits, old-age pensions and paid vacations, and no mention is made of the application to agriculture of the proposed shortening of the working week to thirty-six and even to thirty hours. These inequities will have to be corrected in fact, and not merely in words, before the peasant can be expected to relinquish the one means of defense left to him—his private plot.

Moreover, the Program takes no account of the intensely personal, almost mystical, devotion to the land which has characterized Russian peasants for centuries. Even under serfdom their attitude was: "We may belong to our masters, but the land belongs to us." Large-scale collectivized agriculture has been established by official fiat, and the government intends to maintain the system. It remains to be seen whether its productivity can be raised to the required levels without some regard being paid to the real desires of the food producers.

MOST people outside the USSR think of Soviet citizens as living in state-provided apartments, for which they pay low rent — as little as 5 per cent of their incomes. The truth is very different. To begin with, collective farm dwellings, housing half the population, are almost entirely privately built and owned, and consist of one-story structures, typically without plumbing and other services. Mr. Khrushchev has recently urged collective farms to build multi-story

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dwellings, but there is no evidence on whether his advice is being followed. Similar small houses occupy as much as three-quarters of the total housing space in many cities. At least one-third of new building up to 1965, in towns and on state farms, is expected to be undertaken privately, the remainder being in the hands of local authorities and industrial enterprises.

This does not accord with official policy, which strongly favors multistory apartment blocks for a variety of reasons, economic, social and ideological. Low-density urban housing is condemned as wasteful of valuable space, leading to the isolation of families and making it more difficult to provide the services which relieve women of household duties and free them for work in "social production." It encourages the "private economy" mentality among citizens, and leads them away from the ideal of communal living which the government is anxious to inculcate. Even worse, in the present conditions of acute scarcity, it encourages illegal trading in building materials and the illegal renting or subletting of homes. Last year the government discontinued grants for private-house building, but it remains the only outlet for private investment, apart from the savings banks, and to curb it still more would merely accentuate housing difficulties and, with money wages rising, increase inflationary pressure throughout the economy.

Even in the state-controlled housing sector, there is a clamor of discordant voices. Architects write disparagingly of the lack of good city planning (sometimes of the complete absence of planning) and of the chronic shortage of qualified architects (training schools are turning out about 500 architects annually, instead of the required 25,000). Official spokesmen deprecate the persistence with which even state plans continue to include a substantial percentage of one- and two-story houses with access to private gardens, instead of the favored five-story buildings without elevators, and with open spaces and other amenities provided on a communal basis.

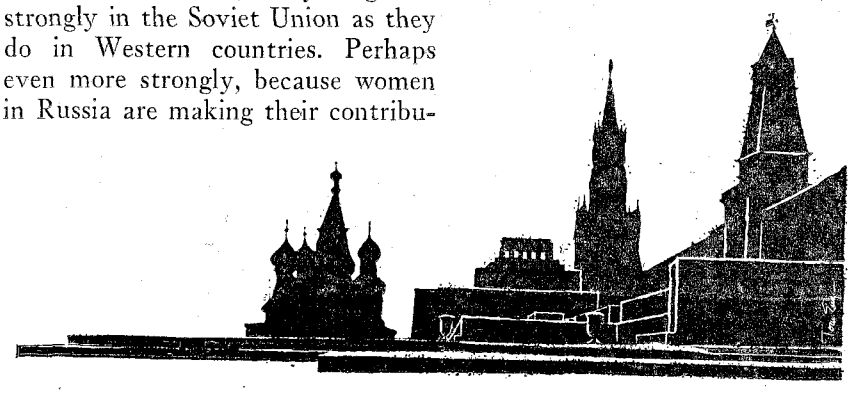
None of these shortages and differences of opinion find any echo in the Program, which simply states that by 1981 every family will have a well-built home for itself, and that the state will press forward with the provision of services such as gas, electricity, water, local transport, most of them to be given without payment by the end of the period.

IN NO PART of Soviet life is the official viewpoint more monolithic than in the attitude to women. The Revolution gave them full social and economic equality with men. It is reiterated in the Program that the government intends to relieve women of all practical concerns about the home and family so that the "overwhelming majority" of them can take jobs outside the home, and concentrate on "building communism."

There is no doubt that women are pulling their weight in economic life. They play an essential part in agriculture, as they have always done, and they are an important part of the labor force in industry, not only in textiles, where they have traditionally supplied the bulk of the workers, but in machine-building, metal-working and a wide range of other industries. In professional life their contribution is impressive. They account for about three-fourths of the total number of doctors and teachers, and 40 per cent of the scientific workers. More than one-fourth of the deputies in the Soviet Parliament are women. Madame Furtseva, the Soviet Minister of Culture, recently went on record as saying that it was no longer possible to conceive of Soviet industry, agriculture, science or public life without the active participation of women.

But behind the serene façade of official doctrine, the arguments, controversies and uncertainties about women's role in society rage as strongly in the Soviet Union as they do in Western countries. Perhaps even more strongly, because women in Russia are making their contribution in conditions of grave shortages of aids to homemaking: good shopping facilities, a satisfactory supply of consumer durables for the home; and aids to child-care, nursery schools, holiday camps, boarding schools. Soviet husbands, too, seem reluctant to lend a hand in the house. Even the grandmothers are in revolt; with the lengthening expectation of life, and state retirement pensions for those in industrial employment, they go off on holiday trips abroad, or prefer the quiet of their own rooms, to the strenuous prospect of baby-sitting for the younger generation of working parents.

SMALL WONDER that protesting voices, mostly women's, make themselves heard. One writer recently spoke of the futility of providing for a child's material wants at the expense of both parents' being too busy to share his problems and pleasures. She even condemned the hitherto sacrosanct Soviet concept of putting work before personal relationships. A man who responded to the government appeal to go and work on the virgin lands was heartless, not patriotic, if he did so at the cost of neglecting his sick wife and his adolescent son and daughter. In an article in *Pravda* a few weeks ago, the distinguished writer Vera Panova deplored the mental deterioration of an intelligent woman friend who, after marriage, became completely immersed in domestic duties superimposed on a full-time factory job. In the same paper, the woman chairman of a party executive committee in Rostov Province accused men of unwillingness to promote qualified women to managerial posts on collective farms, using the old arguments: "How can we, if she is mar-



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ried . . . if she has a family?" This is not the equality promised in the Program.

Other writers urged the more active participation of fathers in family life, particularly in the upbringing of children, and cast longing eyes on the highly mechanized American home. Educationists should help. Were girls being brought up to run individual households, or to be "equal and useful participants" in the life of the country? If the latter, Soviet engineers should concentrate on producing more powerful cleaning and other equipment which could serve many homes; the schools should set up specialist courses for house-cleaning and laundry technicians, cooks, nursery school attendants; architects should design apartment houses for young married people with these necessary communal services attached to them.

ONE PART of the Program which has been widely publicized is the promised provision of many free services by the end of the twenty-year period: education, housing, medical services, transport, vacations, even canteen dinners. The reverse side of the coin has attracted less attention, i.e., the obligation of every able-bodied citizen to work. This, of course, is plain common sense, for there is no other source from which the promised benefits can flow.

But Soviet doctrine goes much further, and equates unwillingness to work with crime. The latter, it has long been claimed (and this is repeated in the Program), has no place in a society building communism. With the removal of the "exploiting classes," the growth of material well-being, and the raising of the cultural level of the people, crime, like other "relics of capitalism," will "wither away." That it has not done so was shown a few months ago by the reintroduction of the death sentence for certain classes of criminals — embezzlers, forgers and those who steal public property. This drastic step, along with widespread reports of "hooliganism" and other forms of lawlessness, indicates that the Soviet Union has been no more successful than have capitalist societies in dealing with the tormenting problem of the rising incidence of crime in conditions of increasing prosperity.

Another decree extended to the whole of Russia the practice existing in several republics of rendering "idlers," "parisites" and "speculators" liable to sentence of deportation by a People's Court. The Soviet definition of these offenders is curiously broad. Russia is an enormous country, and the state planning system cannot exercise control over all economic activities. And so, very sensibly from our point of view, neglected communities set out to help themselves. The little town of Demidov, near Smolensk, was in the news lately. It is situated in an economic backwater, untouched by the tremendous tide of industrialization of the last few decades. More than half its population of working age, it was discovered, were self-employed. Some were building houses; others were craftsmen, turning out articles of everyday use such as sledges, pitchforks, household crockery. The majority were working market gardens, specializing in cucumbers, which found a ready sale not only in Smolensk, but as far away as Moscow and Archangel.

IN THE town of Gomel, in White Russia, one man had established himself as a building contractor on a large scale, erecting factories and houses and undertaking capital repairs. At Mogilev, about fifty miles away, another man was building electricity sub-stations, putting up high-voltage overhead lines, and bringing electricity to farms and local hospitals. All these men were working hard, and were producing essential goods and services which would not otherwise have been forthcoming. But from the Soviet point of view their activities were criminal, because they fell outside the framework of the official plan. They were "speculators."

Then there were the "idlers" and "parasites" (*tuneyadtsi*), often quite young men, and more rarely women, who were said to be few in number, but who created quite a furore in the press. These anti-social individuals affronted Soviet theory by refusing to work, neglecting their families, living on their wits, and remaining immune to the criticism of friends and neighbors. From press accounts, it was only too clear that some of these layabouts were psychopathic personalities, others were chronic alcoholics. But their judges showed no appreciation of any need for trained social or medical treatment in addition to the well-meaning, but often ineffectual, weapons of social disapproval and "re-education through labor." In this they were reflecting official doctrine—again out of touch with everyday realities. The Program continues to stress the value of these methods, and states categorically that "in conditions of socialism, every person avoiding work can return to useful activity."

THIS kind of Soviet double-talk is all too familiar in the political field, where it is roundly condemned by the West as deliberate deception. But in the matters discussed above, it may be that the Soviet Union is confusing and deceiving itself, as well as the outside world. Here is a challenge to Western economists, sociologists, biologists, psychologists, philosophers, which should be taken up at all speed, before the difficulty of infusing reality into international thinking precipitates catastrophe.

Pugwash international conferences of scientists have been held regularly in different countries during the last five or six years. It is proposed to convene similar conferences on the social sciences which would be non-political, fully representative of East and West, and having as their aim the diverting of attention from political conflicts to everyday things such as food and housing and the way in which men and women in different countries want to spend their working time and their leisure. Their findings could be of great value to specialists in the political field.

A conference of this kind could be set up at once with a very full agenda if it took account of nothing else but the problems raised in this article. If it is hard for reason and understanding to gain a foothold in the sensitive sphere of politics and defense, at least let them start on non-sensitive problems which all countries, East and West, have an interest in solving.

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THE RADICAL RIGHT . . *by Eugene V. Schneider*

IN SPITE OF optimistic predictions following the demise of McCarthyism, the voice of the right-wing radical is heard loud and clear in our land once more. Of course, it has never been completely silent, but of late it seems to have acquired new decibels. This seems to have come as a surprise to many, who assumed that right-wing radicalism had been all but eliminated, or at least relegated to the fringes of society. How can we account for its persistence, its constant resurgence?

Of one thing we can be sure: right-wing radicalism is endemic in industrial-capitalist society at a certain stage of development; there has been no advanced industrial-capitalist society free of it, though it has appeared in varying degrees of effectiveness, virulence and self-consciousness. This would suggest that it is indigenous to our milieu; that, whatever one may think of it, it arises out of the experience of living in modern society. At the same time, one must recognize that each right-wing radicalism — including our own brands—is a response to a particular concatenation of social forces, existing at a special time and undergoing its own process of development.

Whatever social forces are producing this radicalism at a given time, and whatever form it may take, there is a certain unity to its interpretation of the world and to the remedies it proposes for the world's ills. The essence of right-wing radicalism is a special kind of *ahistoricism*. Speaking generally, and no doubt too hastily, the ahistorical position is that history is without meaning or design; it is the accidental, meandering, aimless result of powerful wills, or chance, or an unchanging human nature. It is not social forces such as the development of economic relations, the progress of technology or science, the concentration of men in cities, the struggles of people for freedom, which are the prime movers of history; it is individual men who make history, and some of them, at any rate, can make it as they choose.

Now, whether one happens to agree or not with this position, it is an intellectually respectable one, and many people who are not right-wing radicals adhere to it, consciously or unconsciously, in one form or other — a point to which we will return. But the right-wing radical interprets this doctrine in a special way. For him it is not really essential to believe in a past course of history (though some doctrines are, no doubt, more compatible to him than others). It is around the present that his ahistoricism is concentrated. The point for the right-wing radical is that the present order of society, or some part of it — its economic institutions (except as they have been distorted and perverted), its property relationships, its class and race structure, or whatever else he cherishes — is the only natural, sane, morally correct, viable order. Whether this has come about as the result of chance, through the acts of great men, or as the result of historical evolution, hardly matters. We have arrived at the millenium, achieved God's Kingdom on Earth, out-utopiaed all Utopias. By the same token, deviation from this Garden of Eden is insane, unnatural and immoral.

BUT, ALAS, there are flies in the ointment, and others are buzzing around the bottle. The forces of social change — to alter the metaphor — beat continually on the ramparts, and here and there they have breach-

Mauldin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Maybe it will go away if we put out the light!"

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ed the walls; our cities continue to grow, technology and science develop apace, caries are controlled, new forms of art develop, the doctrines of religion alter, new forms of family life emerge, Negroes continue to demand. Change is everywhere, inexorable, enveloping, insidious. But if this society — never mind whether it exists or ever existed — is perfect, then change can only be the result of imperfect men, perverse men, subversive men. In fact, *all* social change (except that which might conceivably benefit the radical himself, and not even always then) is the outcome of chicanery, fraud, propaganda and plot. Instead of conflict between capital and labor, there is a plot of labor leaders or capitalists or Jews. Instead of an upsurge of Negro masses, there is a plot of Negro leaders. Underlying all attempts to find solutions for the intellectual problems of our times—whether it be a new system of education, a search for a new philsophy, or for a new style in art — is a cabal of eggheads and long-hairs. And yet, all of these separate plots are but aspects of a larger plot, world-encompassing, eternal, evil. This master plot—triumph of radical-right thinking—bears the name of Jew, Catholic, communism, the Devil.

THIS IS how the world appears to the right-wing radical. What does he propose to do about it? Of course, the first item on his agenda is to uncover the plot, to expose it for all to see—whether by the Question, investigation by Congressional committee, or denunciation. The stridency of the right-wing radical's tone, the stringency of his measures, fully match, one can be sure, the enormity of the depravity. At any rate, once the Revelation has been made, the society will, presumably, return to its perfect, unchanging state.

Undoubtedly, many right-wing radicals never go beyond this point in their thinking or in their action. But not all of them are so naive. Recognizing that the forces of change cannot be halted merely by exposure and denunciation, these have evolved a plan, or at least an orientation, for the reconstruction of society, and in a way it is a radical plan. Its essence is the creation of a social order which by-passes or diverts or suppresses the social forces which lie at the basis of the social change that the right-wing radical fears and hates, yet without disturbing the institutions which he cherishes. Men of all classes and stations (except, of course, for the plotters) must somehow be united—in common loyalty to a set of ideas, to a leader. Or, perhaps they can be united in common hatred of someone or something. Conceivably the unity could be achieved on the basis of love, as the late Dr. Buchman wished. But since this item seems to be in scarce supply, the basis for unity is more likely to be sought in irrationality, fear, hatred, frustration, aggression, of which there seems to be no dearth. At any rate, in place of a society marked by those divisions and conflicts which breed change, there will be created a homogeneous, mass society, in which men's hopes, thoughts and loyalties will be severed from their social roots. If even this is not enough, then new institutions will be formed, or old ones exalted—a party?, the state?, a church?—which will unite men under a common rubric of loyalties and discipline. This "new institution" is doubly useful, for it can also serve as the instrument for the forcible suppression of historical evolution, even to the point, as Herr Himmler proposed, of breaking up the large cities—those notorious breeding-places of social and intellectual ferment.

NOW, there should be no mystery about which groups and individuals might find this doctrine congenial and meaningful. Every group which has suffered more psychological and material loss than gain from the social processes of our society is a potential recruit to right-wing radicalism. Every individual in whom the deprivations and defeats of life have not somehow been compensated for is a potential recruit. The real questions, for a sociologist, are where these groups and individuals are concentrated in society, why our society should produce so many of them, and what social forces predispose them to accept right-wing radical doctrines as an answer to their ills. The reader should note that there is no attempt here at psychological analysis of the individual recruit, whether he be follower, activist or leader.

At the outset, let us beware of the temptation to explain right-wing radicalism as the expression of an all-powerful "ruling class." The matter is more complicated. For one thing, it is not confined to the "ruling class"; it finds its supporters and breeding places among diverse classes, races, religious groups, ethnic groups and organizations. For another thing, it can be shown, I think, that the "ruling class" is divided in its reactions to right-wing radicalism. All the elites, status groups, molders of public opinion, heads of organizations, who make up the "ruling class," may share the right-wing radical's love for the present order of things. Many of them have been willing to use right-wing radicalism as a means to achieve certain ends. But it is also a fact that many of the present social forces in society operate to protect and further the interests of numerous elite groups. Nor would these groups—let us call them the "entrenched elites"—necessarily welcome any radical reordering of society. It is always a question of whether, in such a reordering, the entrenched elites can retain their pre-eminence, or even their positions, in society. Those who argue for a class interpretation of right-wing radicalism often point to the relationship between Hitler and the "ruling class" of Germany, but in that instance practically all the elites felt threatened by practically all of the social forces in society.

BUT there are also certain elites that are by no means so dedicated to the present Establishment, either because they feel that certain social forces are inimical, or because they feel cut off from the real centers of power and prestige in the country. As Sweezy and Huberman have shown in their essay on the social backing of McCarthyism, one type of elite is made up of the new millionaires whose wealth is so recent that they have not yet been able to breach the central citadels of power.

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The Southern elites strive to protect their caste-ridden society against the Negro, and at the same time to carry out a program of industrialization without bother from organized labor. Certain elements of the Johnny-come-lately military elite feel that their roles in the present Establishment could be improved, though here hostility to liberal institutions is historical and is based on the military orientation to a seamless society as a framework for its operations. Similarly-oriented elites can be found in other institutions—in churches, in government, in education—expressing either a sense of frustration or the institutional ideology. Then there are what may be called the "sub-elites"—the small manufacturer or businessman can serve as an example—who dislike their own relatively minor roles in society, or who feel threatened by the social forces within it. Every community has them. None of these elites and sub-elites are wedded to the present Establishment; some of them fear the social forces within it, some would welcome a reordering along radical lines. It is from among these groups that the major backing for right-wing radicalism comes: the bulk of its financial support, its access to mass media, some of the social respectability it has thus far achieved.

BUT whence comes the social following, the mass support? The question poses difficulties, because at first glance it would seem that large numbers of people have been treated kindly by many of the social forces which have been operating since World War II. Prosperity, though uneven and spasmodic, has been general. It is not engaging in mythology or apologetics to say that incomes have risen for most people, that gains have been made in status and class position. Even the position of the Negro has improved. Why, then, should right-wing radicalism—supposedly the creation of a society in profound crisis—strike a responsive chord among so many people? Or is there some kind of hidden crisis in our society, not expressed in its general level of material well-being?

The answer lies, I think, in this paradoxical fact: while society as a whole is obviously not in a state of crisis, many groups and people within it are. This latter type of desperation has two separate, though interrelated, aspects. Following Durkheim, I might point out first that the process of social rising is also a process of disorientation; goals recede as fast as they are attained, ties to community are constantly broken, the familiar world is fragmented. People suffer from this as surely as they do from an economic depression; there is something of the same sense of loss, of alienation, of isolation, without even the unifying effects along class lines that a depression may have. Right-wing radicalism offers to such people an outlet for their ambivalence of feeling toward the society: a profound attachment to a social order from which they have benefited, mixed with a profound resentment toward it. It also offers to the most alienated the hope of a less complex, less frenetic state-of-things. Let it be noted that this type of alienation is not a class phenomenon; it involves all those, of whatever class, who have been caught up in the great American game of social (and geographical) mobility.

The second aspect to consider is the nature of social mobility in the United States today. The process is so vast and complex that it is extremely difficult to generalize about it, and virtually impossible to describe in any detail. But, using what evidence is at hand, it can be described more as social churning than social rising. It is not a matter of the appearance of new classes, or of the rise to power of old classes; industrial-capitalism has not changed *that* much. Rather, the situation today is one in which sections of the population, drawn from many different areas of society, have been set into motion of varying kinds and directions. Some groups are rising or falling absolutely; some are rising in reference to certain groups, but falling in relation to others. Even standing still may be the equivalent of rising or falling, relative to other groups. Underlying this churning process are economic, technological and social factors. The prosperity of an arms-oriented economy is not spread evenly over the entire population; in this respect capitalism is almost as anarchistic as it ever was. Automation has disrupted the traditional structure of the working class, and the shock is now spreading to the white-collar groups. Urbanization, suburbanization, the rise of the Negro, the continued depopulation of the countryside, the shifts of population from region to region—all these and other factors have contributed to the turbulence.

THE result has been that there are numerous groups and individuals in this country who have reason to hate and fear certain social forces, or who are ambivalent in their feelings toward the society. There is the case of the newly-arrived, who fear that their hard-won status may be threatened by the same social forces through which they have risen. There are those who have experienced real defeat or deprivation either through a failure to rise, or a failure to rise fast enough. There are those who have skidded. This, I think, is the source of the feeling of personal crisis which haunts many Americans today. It is forces of this kind which find expression in the man who has increased his income and his status, but who hates the social forces which are threatening to give him a Negro or a Jew for a neighbor. It is these forces which lead to a blind hatred

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of change, to the conspiratorial view of the world, and so by direct or indirect paths to right-wing radicalism. And again, let it be noted that except at the very top and the very bottom of society, no section of society is immune to this malaise; it is not, primarily, a class phenomenon.

NOW, at this point I have to offer, in a sense, a demurrer to the argument of this paper. The question is: can the present virulence, bellicosity and self-confidence of the right-wing radical movement be explained solely in terms of its roots in the social structure? Undoubtedly, the pressure from certain of the forces described above—automation, unemployment, the Negro upsurge—is increasing. It is possible that the tension from the social-churning process is becoming unbearable in certain sections of society. But for all that, right-wing radicalism remains a fringe movement; in numbers, in the quality of the people it attracts, in the exotic quality of its doctrines. Even those for whom it has a natural attraction continue, for the most part, to act within the structure and definitions of the present social order: for instance, in their voting behavior. The present strength of right-wing radicalism arises, I think, from another source: to wit, from its functional relations to the present Establishment, not from its opposition to it.

First, right-wing radicalism served as a handy instrument for liquidating the New Deal, and the climate of opinion which that Establishment had generated. It functioned, and still does, as a means of prosecuting the cold war and maintaining the armaments economy. It has been used, furthermore, to stifle opposition to these policies. It is true that in the process certain harm has been done to the morality and morale of the country, and this, I think, certain elites really deplore—but not quite to the extent of a willingness to lay aside so potent a bludgeon. What these elites—the entrenched ones—would really deplore would be any attempt of the radical Right to implement their remedies. The rise and fall of Joseph McCarthy can serve as an object lesson—to the Left as an example of what weapons can be used against them, and to the Right as an example of what happens to a radical rightist who gets too big for his britches.

In this connection, it may be that one of the causes of the very latest outbreak is the removal of the restraining hand of Eisenhower. Both Eisenhower and Kennedy represent what is in essence—though not in every particular—about the same balance of forces in this country; that is, they are both of, by and for the present Establishment. But Eisenhower had more control over the extreme Right. In part this may have been because of his great prestige. But, in addition, Eisenhower divided the loyalties of the Right radicals and confused their aims; he was in so many ways the exact mirror image of themselves, he personified so neatly the stability, the simplicity, the unity, they were seeking. With his (whatever liberals may think) uncanny ability to communicate with, and get the trust of, the American people, he must have restrained many who were teetering on the brink of right-wing radicalism. It is possible that the retirement of Eisenhower from public office has, in these senses, swelled the numbers and vociferousness of the extreme Right recently.

Secondly, if right-wing radicalism is on the attack today it is because it is consonant with the entire climate of opinion generated by the existing Establishment. It is not a matter merely of a common antipathy to communism, or a common dedication to the cold war. It goes beyond that. It is a matter of the degree to which ahistoricism has entered into almost every aspect of modern thought, its literature, its science (notably its social science), its philosophy, even its art. Just as the New Deal Establishment created the climate of opinion in which Left radicalism could flourish, so this one creates the conditions which give a certain reasonableness even to extreme Right thinking, and—even more important—eviscerates the defense against it.

Really to analyze the deeper-lying causes of this universal ahistoricism would be to write the history of this century: the disillusionment with what social development has brought us, the end-result of scientific progress, the devastating effects of Nazism on hope and trust in humanity, the bitter experience with the Soviet version of socialism. But, in addition, this ahistoricism is powerfully reinforced from within the Establishment. As I have said, the ahistorical view of things has not triumphed domestically, where the potentialities of development have not by any means been exhausted. Nor does it spring from the prevailing view of other countries in which industrial-capitalism is strong. It arises, rather, from the attempt of today's Establishment to interpret what is going on in many of the non-industrial or non-capitalistic nations.

IN THOSE countries, comprising an enormous population with great potentialities of wealth and power, social forces are operating which seem directly contrary to the interests and mentality of our Establishment. Nor, try as we may, have we had much success in harnessing these forces to our ends, or turning them in a direction congenial to ourselves. The result has been the almost universal tendency in our society to interpret what is happening as the handiwork of evil or perverse men, the outcome of machination, plot and subversion. (Note how this is reversed for the Russians. For them, what is going on in Africa, Asia and Latin America is the result of inevitable historical forces; it is in Western Europe and Japan that they detect the plots of native and American capitalists.) Furthermore, like any right-wing radical, we detect the master plot behind all of these separate plots. Even the solutions offered are of the radical variety: suppression of the hated social forces by violence, or by diverting or by-passing them.

The ahistoricism which this Establishment has generated has emboldened the right-wing radical, even lent him a certain respectability. But it has had an even more insidious effect on those who would normally have formed the core of the opposition to it; and here I am referring primarily to the liberals and the in-

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tellectuals, who have accepted some aspect of this ahistorical thinking. A full analysis of the bowdlerization of the liberal and intellectual must await another occasion. Here I should like to point out that by accepting ahistorical thought, the liberal-intellectual grants the premises of right-wing radical thought, weakens his own moral position, and lessens his powers of resistance. Energies that might have been used against the totalitarians of the Right are diverted —into self-analysis, into escape, into disgust and despair with the world.

With every worsening of the cold war, with the appearance of each new revolutionary movement abroad, with every increase of social tension at home, the ahistorical view of the world is strengthened, and by that much the voice of the extreme Right radical will become bolder and louder. In this sense, right-wing radicalism is not so much the reflection of America today as it is a barometer of its spirit.

THE NEWS MOB . . . *by Stan Opotowsky*

NEWS REPORTERS are supposed to report the news, but more and more frequently these days they *become* the news. They arrive in such hordes to record an event that by their very numbers they often smother what they are supposed to cover.

When Premier Khrushchev made his tour of the United States, the crush of reporters was so great that sometimes they attracted far more attention than the man they were assigned to observe. The climax came when the big news of his visit to an Iowa farm turned out to be the boot that the irate host planted on a *New York Times* man, one among a mob of newsmen trampling off-limits grounds. When hooting harridans disrupted the planned integration of two New Orleans schools, it soon became a moot question whether the reporters were the cause or the effect; Mayor deLesseps Morrison maintained that the shrieking women performed mainly for the benefit of the reporters and TV camera men. When President Kennedy began televising his press conferences, the bulk of the White House mail concerned not the subjects he discussed, but rather the crush of reporters; the manner in which newsmen were forced to jump and waggle for attention was so distracting that TV viewers never did fathom what was asked or what was answered. When Frank Costello was released from a federal penitentiary, he got a bang on the head that came not from vengeful underworld rivals or tough detectives, but from a surge of reporters who smashed him against the paddy wagon.

It's a queer problem, the more baffling because it comes at an unlikely moment in the history of American journalism. While the number of metropolitan newspapers shrinks by the year, the number of reporters covering any big event multiplies by the hour. The result is almost all bad. A world leader can inform and influence millions through a quiet interview with one, six or even a dozen reporters. He can accomplish nothing, and the reporters can accomplish nothing, when he must shout disconnected answers to disconnected questions arising anonymously from a sea of humanity in a hotel ballroom.

During the Khrushchev tour, there came a golden moment when the American people might have learned just what the Soviet Premier thought of their country. The train was rolling from Los Angeles to San Francisco when the Premier bounced into the press car for a chat. A half-dozen or so competent reporters could have sat down with him and produced a newsworthy interview. But alas, there was not a half-dozen; there were a couple of hundred. And they sent the poor man scrambling for safety without an opportunity to utter a single intelligent word. They first surrounded him, then clogged the aisles, and ultimately bounced over the seats in hot pursuit — a scene that was more riot than press conference.

Wherever Khrushchev went, hundreds of reporters dogged him. They saw little and heard nothing. The best they could hope for was a momentary glimpse of a rotund little man entering and leaving a car or a building. What foolishness! Hundreds of reporters saw him enter Averell Harriman's New York town house to dine with American industrialists; hundreds saw him leave. Most scrambled after him, to watch him enter the next port of call. The three or four journalists who got anything worth reporting were no part of this mob scene; they quietly called upon Harriman an hour or so after the hilarity had ended and learned from the former Governor *what had happened at the dinner.* This was the real story, wasn't it?

NEWS debacles of this kind are the rule these days. Cape Canaveral had to erect a grandstand to seat all the reporters who showed up for the launching of America's first astronaut; they didn't see as much as the man who stayed at home and watched his television set. The reporters who follow the candidates in a Presidential election do their following literally as well as figuratively. The candidate parades down the street in an open limousine. Two or three blocks behind trail the reporters, incarcerated in chartered buses and getting an excellent view of people leaving the curbstone now that the parade has passed.

It is in the South, however, at crucial moments of the school integration process, that the reporters most often influence the course of events by their very presence. There is always, at the outset, a genuine

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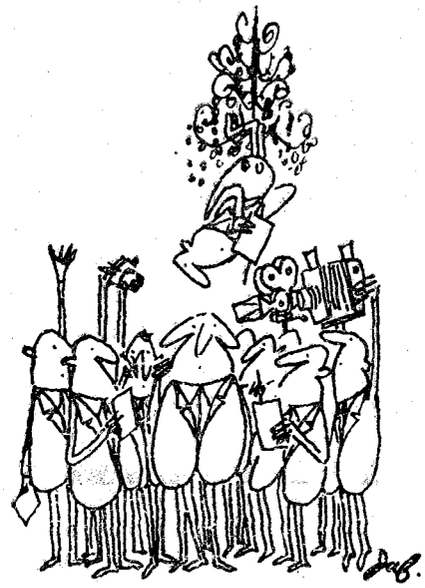
mob scene. Then the press comes rushing, and the attention-starved demonstrators, who might have dispersed after their first outburst, remain to feed their egos with the interviews and the photographing, and to enjoy the sheer excitement of having these fascinating strangers in the neighborhood.

Mayor Morrison of New Orleans insisted he had proof that the yelling maniacs who picketed the integrated schools did so only long enough to make their presence known. Then, he said, they rushed home to see who was quoted in the afternoon editions and whose picture would appear on the evening newscasts. (He asked the reporters to stay away from the schools for a couple of days and see if the women wouldn't give up. The reporters refused.)

HAD integration riots occurred in the 1930s, New Orleans would have been covered by the three local papers; had trouble persisted for a week, their ranks might have been swollen by two: *The New York Times* and the Chicago *Tribune*. Today New Orleans has two, not three, newspapers, yet the integration story was covered by 200 reporters.

The airplane is partly responsible. An editor today can place his man anywhere within the United States by nightfall; in 1930, he would have pondered a bit before sending a reporter out on a five-day train trip. General prosperity is partly responsible; the papers can afford to send reporters on assignments which would have been considered wild extravagance twenty years ago. And, of course, television is responsible; it not only multiplies the ranks with its own men, but it inspires newspaper editors to bolster their own coverage to meet the competition.

At any glamorous event, the working press corps is likely to be big enough to be unwieldy by virtue of these "legitimate" assignments. In addition, there are always dozens of phonies "covering" the big story for the benefit of their own egos, or out of curiosity. The labor press, as a whole, is a miserable failure in covering the one thing it should cover, labor; yet it has its men at the U.N, at political conventions and at Congressional hearings, at best duplicating the coverage provided by the general news media and, at worst, taking up press-conference time and sheer physical space for the personal amusement of the labor reporter. There are other varieties of extra riders: the real estate editor who covers the big story for a thrill; the publisher's son, who is "learning the trade from the bottom" by skylarking his way through the top stories (one such covered all of Little Rock by telephoning papa's paper nightly to say, "Situation is the same, so use AP"); the free lance who gets accredited on a newspaper's vague promise to print any dispatch-



es which might produce a local angle (such as "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith of Gary were driving through Little Rock and would have seen the riot if they hadn't stopped for gas in Van Buren.").

There is also the matter of excessive comfort. When FDR was President, the correspondents had to wait around the White House all day to see if there might be a press conference; few did. The Eisenhower and Truman press conferences were a little more comfortable and thus attracted larger crowds; they were scheduled in advance for the Indian Treaty Room of the old State Department. But the seats were hard and one had to wait in line to get in.

President Kennedy moved his conferences to the huge, air-conditioned new State Department auditorium. This was a mistake. It's too comfortable. Some two-thirds of the reporters present don't have to be there. They go because it's comfortable and it's fashionable and because their wives might catch a glimpse of them on TV. It is from these that most — not all — of the inane questions come. And it is these who must screech and waggle to get the President's attention, because he naturally tends to recognize first the regular White House reporters.

THERE should be some means of slashing the number of reporters at big news events, so that those who do attend can report. James Hagerty, as White House Press Secretary, conceded that the situation had gotten out of hand during the Khrushchev tour, yet he despaired of even seeking a solution. He was *damned*, he said, if he'd be the one to say who could go, and who couldn't, on such tours.

On occasion, a makeshift solution known as the "pool system" is employed. Under this arrangement, two or three reporters represent the whole mob, with the understanding that they will brief their colleagues before filing their own stories. But, the editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* doesn't send a man all the way to New York to copy notes from a *Journal-American* man. Moreover, Kennedy's press secretary, Pierre Salinger, has complained that the "pool" men too often hold out on their less fortunate brethren, publishing under their own by-lines juicy tidbits which they conveniently forget to mention in the press briefing.

It might seem logical to limit accreditation on big stories to the big papers, on the assumption that only they really seek tailor-made coverage and that the small-paper men cover the assignment only as a lark. But this is not always true. While the great bulk of the legitimate reporting on big stories is done by reporters for the wire services and major newspapers, there are exceptions: for example, Robert Branson, the Washington correspondent for a string of very small papers in the Midwest, frequently does some of the brightest and more original reporting on the scene.

It might also seem logical to turn

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the accreditation problem over to the reporters themselves. Alas, this system frequently is the least successful of all. The Baseball Writers Association has complete control over press-box tickets for the World Series, and with this control the press facilities are often graced by such noted correspondents as Toots Shor, Frank Sinatra and the sports editor's brother-in-law. The standing committee of Congressional correspondents supervises accreditation to the national political conventions, yet on an airplane I saw the publisher of a middle-sized Midwestern newspaper dutifully pass out press-box tickets to his staff: one to his wife, one to his teen-aged son and one to his small daughter.

Yet somehow the hordes must be cut down. Khrushchev may come on another visit. Should he do so, I'd like, as a newspaper reader as well as a newspaper writer, to know what he did and not what several hundred reporters prevented him from doing.

There is a solution. It's involved and imperfect, but it would help. There should be limited credentials. The special-angle people should get blue passes which would permit them in the area only at the time when they need to be on hand. And the labor reporters and the vacationing real-estate editors should be given certificates, suitable for framing, attesting to their appearance on the scene, after which they should be put into chartered buses and taken on a tour of the city's most beautiful homes and then to the première of a movie.

This would leave about two dozen reporters actually engaged in telling the American public what happened. They could then do their jobs.

SCIENTISTS FOR PEACE . . . *by Theodore Roszak*

Cambridge, Mass.

WHEN THE first atomic bomb exploded over Hiroshima, its fury shook the imaginations of men everywhere. But its thunder echoed with a special violence in the consciences of Western scientists. The bomb was their baby. They were the ones who had first discerned the difference between one and a million — between the power of chemical explosives and atomic energy. Fearing that Nazi Germany might build the bomb first, they had sold the monster to a reluctant Pentagon. They had eagerly bossed the Manhattan Project from start to finish. And now, on an August day in 1945, a Japanese city lay in ruins. In a split second, 80,000 men, women and children, whose crime was no worse than any American's — they had followed their leaders into war — had been exterminated. The bomb, invented not for use — so many of its inventors had hoped — but rather to deter its use by Hitler, had been employed in a way few scientists had foreseen and most opposed. J. Robert Oppenheimer said, "We have all known sin," and he was speaking for many of his colleagues.

Four years later, in 1949, the Society for Social Responsibility in Science was founded at Haverford College. The preamble of its constitution reads:

> Realizing our responsibilities to all of humanity, we, a group of scientists and engineers, in order to direct our efforts and activities more effectively toward a constructive world peace and a humane world, and to stand clearly against any war trend, whether in the United States, Russia or any other country, organize the SSRS.

Five hundred scientists from twenty countries have enrolled their names with SSRS. Their numbers include five Nobel Prize-winners: Max Born, Wolfgang Pauli, Linus Pauling, Hideki Yukawa and Albert Einstein. These men pledged themselves never to delegate their moral responsibility to any group or government; never to bend their skills to destructive ends, whether it be the building of weapons, the inhumane use of experimental animals, or research for the tobacco and liquor industries.

Earlier this month, the SSRS held its 12th Annual Congress at Harvard University — three days of organization business, panel discussions and public meetings. Brock Chisholm, former director of the World Health Organization, was the featured speaker. He reminded his audience that the irreducible survival unit of man is no longer the family or the nation, but the human race; that we cannot buy our security any longer, as we have in the past, by increasing our power to kill. These are lessons which clearly most of us are not learning. "Human beings today constitute a social menace on a global scale," he said, and our one chance of surviving lies in forcing ourselves to outgrow the political habits and allegiances we cling to still with all the tenacity of neurosis.

AN AIR of tension and melancholy hovered over the meeting. Berlin and the collapse of test-ban negotiations were on everybody's mind. "Here we are sixteen years after Hiroshima," a Harvard chemist lamented, "and closer to major war than any time since Korea. Just as if the bomb didn't exist. They're talking and acting as if this were 1939, as if war could settle the thing. Everything changes except human stupidity." And a physicist at dinner asked, wagging his head bewilderedly, "How do we get through to them? To Kennedy and Khrushchev? Kennedy is no fool. He's bright. He reads a lot. We write to him. We send petitions. We tell them in Washington all about these weapons. Have we failed to tell them vividly enough? Can they seriously intend to use such weapons?"

Word spread at the meeting that

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Kennedy's decision to resume testing was the result of momentary pique — possibly with the failure of the Belgrade Conference to condemn the Russians — and lacked the support of some of his closest science advisers. A petition was eagerly drawn up and circulated among the membership, requesting the President to continue the American moratorium on testing while bringing the issue before the U.N.

There was lots of talk about bombs and their effects. It was nervous, urgent talk, the sort of vividly descriptive talk that can come only from men who work with the potent stuff of the atom. Brock Chisholm could speak of another problem with quite as much urgency and vividness: the population explosion. He had pitted himself against hunger and disease and had seen them win out again and again against millions. "The H-bomb is a grim possibility. The population explosion is an agonizing reality. We are in the middle of it." If all reproduction stopped now, he pointed out, millions would continue to die for another twenty years for lack of food. And resignation to starvation has almost vanished from the world. People know there is, or can be, enough food. They will make trouble to get it.

THESE were the two problems that emerged as crucial at the meeting. William Davidon, who is secretary of the Federation of American Scientists, and will be the next vice president of SSRS, had ideas about both of them. How about a basic nutritional packet distributed by the U.N. — perhaps nothing more palatable than processed algae — which would make it possible to guarantee as a matter of right that no one on earth need starve? Current technology could do it. Would it give the sense of security starving men need to avoid striking out on fanatical paths and to avoid breeding the oversize families they look to in their desperation for support in their old age?

As for the bomb, the problem child of the cold war, where can we find viable third forces in the world that can mediate between the power elites of East and West before they loose thermonuclear devastation upon us all? (Some of us felt one of the few third forces available — the neutral and uncommitted nations — had failed us badly at Belgrade by ignoring Nehru's plea that they lay aside their anti-colonial ritualism long enough to denounce the new Russian test series.) Could the community of scientists allied internationally in behalf of a sane nuclear policy act as a third force?

DAVIDON had been at the Oslo Conference Against the Spread of Nuclear Weapons held last May. Several members of SSRS had attended the gathering, which had been called and in large part financed by Linus Pauling. Five members of the Soviet Academy were among the sixty scientists who signed the Oslo statement declaring that "Restriction of loyalty within national boundaries is obsolete . . . loyalty to the whole of mankind is now a necessity," and calling upon scientists to bear "a unique responsibility" in working for general and complete disarmament. Was there hope that conferences like this — and like the recent meeting of Eastern and Western scientists at Stowe, Vermont, successor to the Pugwash conferences — could create an operative international consensus among the world's men of science?

This is, of course, one of the traditions the SSRS was founded to preserve and promote: the catholicity of the scientific community. It is an ailing tradition; two world wars and the long chill of the cold war have done much to kill it off. As one member put it, "Scientists aren't rugged individualists any more. We can't pretend we are. Ninety per cent of us are salaried by industry, government or the universities. We sign contracts and take orders. We've not only been nationalized; we've been turned into organization men." Still, his once unique status as a citizen of the world survives as a jealously guarded ideal in the heart of many a scientist. It survives in the almost religious dedication members of SSRS have to the search for universal truth, and in a fact as commonplace as the letters they exchange with colleagues throughout the world. One great hope of SSRS is that an ethical code, enforced by the profession on an international basis, may some day be subscribed to by scientists everywhere, obliging them not to indulge in destructive work and protecting them against the pressures of official society: roughly, a kind of Hippocratic oath for scientists. It is easy to see why the American Legion for so long fought the incorporation of SSRS in Pennsylvania; there is an allegiance involved here that transcends the Legion's narrow appreciation.

The conference of physicians and biologists that SSRS held last year to condemn chemical-biological and radiological warfare is another example explaining the Legion's unkind attention. SSRS is made up of a kind of human being that is becoming rare indeed: the man who will not grovel before military necessity. (It's an interesting experiment to try some time: see how many friends you have left who won't, in the name of the national defense, divest themselves of every value and virtue they supposedly hold dear.) Not more than a few members call themselves pacifists, but pacifist and non-pacifist alike in SSRS are agreed that there must be one thing not even the nation-state can command them to do: and that is to perfect the instruments of genocide. "In the Nuremberg trials this idea was considered to be self-evident," so Albert Einstein put it in a famous open letter to SSRS.

But times change. In the past twelve years SSRS has, through its occupation division, helped relocate some 100 scientists and engineers who, for reasons of conscience, resigned or were fired from their jobs. And this now prompts a leading patriotic group like the Legion, whose members risked their lives against Nazism, to accuse the SSRS of subverting our scientists. The position of the ethical scientist has once again become unpopular and untenable. "We are taking chances," said Victor Paschkis, president of SSRS and the moving spirit behind the society's creation. He was commenting on the function of SSRS as the gadfly of the scientific community. "But it is peculiarly our responsibility as scientists now to stick our necks out."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Champion of the Pudding Age

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. Vol. I: *The Making of a Statesman.* (380 pp); Vol. II: *The King's Prime Minister* (363 pp.). By J. H. Plumb. Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.50 each.

George Dangerfield

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, the political leader of the Whig oligarchy from 1721 to 1742, might loosely (very loosely) be called England's first prime minister, and he was certainly one of England's shrewdest financiers. It is rather startling to learn from Dr. Plumb that his reputation in this latter respect has been founded on two misconceptions. It has commonly been held that Walpole made large profits out of his speculations in South Sea stock before the great Bubble burst in 1720; and it has always been assumed that he rose to power because he rebuilt the country's ruined finances after that collapse. But Plumb's investigation of Walpole's bank account with Messrs. Gibson, Jacob and Jacombe reveals that "he had shown no more foresight than anyone else about the South Sea affair"; that "he had sold and bought at the wrong time"; that only the skill and devotion of Robert Jacombe saved him from truly major blunders. And he goes on to prove that the famous scheme for breaking up the South Sea Company's capital and engrafting parts of it onto the Bank of England and the East India Company was really Jacombe's scheme; that it was in any case not put into effect. These are major revisions, from which it appears that Walpole's great contribution was purely political: that is to say, he turned the light of exposure away from the king, his mistresses and his favorite ministers. This cost Walpole his reputation with the public, but earned him the confidence of George I.

I mention this at the beginning because it is, I venture to suggest, the first and the last time that one finds Dr. Plumb in a revisionist mood. Revisionism is all very well, indeed history cannot get along without it; but, unless it is merely clever, it implies a genuine conviction that you have something to revise. In Plumb's work the central assumption is that the great outlines of Walpole's career have already been fixed; and, while the nature of history is such that it is most unlikely that they will remain fixed—we still need another Namier—Plumb has left them relatively undisturbed. His work is of another kind—not revision, but restoration. Patient, learned and critical, he burrows down and down into his subject, adding a detail here, correcting one there, and then, with what seems to me a fine virtuosity, rearranging these details in order to achieve perspicuity, lucidity and the semblance of life itself. He does not shirk his responsibilities as a historian, far from it; but his main effort is biographical. And here he is very fortunate, for the portrait of Robert Walpole is in some respects the portrait of an age.

I SAY "in some respects" because Walpole was, as it were, the reverse side of the Augustan medal. It was a great age for satire, but the satirists never quite "got" him: perhaps because they were too angry or too envious, or because he was too obvious. To find him you must go to the diarists—Hervey, Egmont, Knatchbull, Bubb Dodington — who clustered around the period like flies and the most brilliant of whom, Lord Hervey, is not so much brilliant as phosphorescent. It was not for nothing, it was not idly or facetiously, that the Augustan Age became known — *politically* — as the Pudding Age. "Pudding" in those days was the antithesis of "Praise." To choose "Pudding" and not "Praise" meant to place an undue emphasis upon material advantage. Walpole was the quintessential champion and exemplar of the Pudding Age. He would cheerfully have endorsed Disraeli's quip that "posterity is a most limited assembly," but he would not have thought it a quip. He cared nothing for posthumous fame, which is what Disraeli was talking about: posthumous fame to him was, in every sense of the word, immaterial.

There are many reasons for his success, but perhaps the most compelling of them is the fact that he was an outsider. Born in 1676, the son and heir of a Norfolk squire, he fought his way into the heart of an exclusive Whig oligarchy, whose nucleus was some seventy great landed and noble families. He could not have done this if he had not been an extremely gifted administrator and an even more gifted, most sensitive, parliamentarian: but it is his passion to get *inside,* to build up an immense fortune out of the perquisites of office, to be the friend and equal of dukes and earls, to surround himself with all the most blatant attributes of power, which provides the clue to the labyrinth of his career. Labyrinths traditionally contain monsters; and once you have reached the center of this one, a monster is certainly what you encounter.

Walpole was not an abominable monster. He perpetrated no great crimes, he indulged in no spectacular vices. Vulgar, ostentatious, immensely capable, he was a Lockean monster, the living paradigm of all the least agreeable and most obvious characteristics of a philosophy of property. In appearance and facial expression, if the portraits by Van Loo and Wootten are "like," he was something between a goblin and a balloon: mischievous, ornate, enormous, and always wondering whether somebody was going to let the air out of him. He was not afraid of other men, except Pitt, "that terrible cornet of horse," but they worried him dreadfully; for he was, after all, a captive balloon, the master of parliaments and princes but the prisoner of a society which he lived to corrupt, and which had him at its mercy. There was never enough patronage to go around.

TAKEN out of this context, his achievements were solid and eminently sane. Through his sinking fund, he was able, not only to reduce the national debt but also to lower the interest on it from a wild variety of rates, which went as high as 9 per cent, to a uniform 4 per cent: or, to put it another way, he transformed the national debt from an object of terror into a safe and remunerative investment. He was the chief promoter of a warehousing system which did miracles for the re-export trade. He revised and simplified the tariff. He kept England at peace, not because peace was beautiful, but because it reduced the land tax and quieted the gentry. His fiscal measures were designed, not merely to produce revenue, but also to underwrite prosperity: in this respect, it would not be wrong to

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call him the precursor of Peel and of Gladstone.

But there was one all-too-obvious difference between his circumstances and theirs: in their day British economy was so fully developed that it required, or seemed to require, only the decent minimum of government intervention; in his day, it was comparatively immature, very vulnerable and demanded all the help the government could give it. That is why Walpole's administration was suffused with corruption. For twenty years he was the guiding spirit of a mercantilist state—a state, that is to say, which emphasized foreign trade at the expense of home consumption, and whose greatest single source of wealth was the re-export of colonial and Indian goods to Europe. Such a state logically required a strong central government, with a thick regulatory finger in every pie. All the constitutional changes surrounding the Hanoverian Succession and the Whig Supremacy, every shift of fiscal policy, every nuance of political and diplomatic history—all these, it seems to me, wind back to the fact that Walpole's was *not* that kind of government. The Whigs placated the Church and gained the confidence of the Crown: but Parliament "represented" a weird jumble of local oligarchies—lords, squires, parsons, merchants, bankers, brewers, attorneys—which in a very real sense governed England in those days. Granting that the tendency of the Whig Supremacy was away from party warfare and toward oligarchy, that no great issues divided the country, that there was little party discipline, how was a majority in Parliament to be maintained, how were the local governments to be moved this way and that? Through bribery and corruption, a brisk trade in places and pensions.

DR. PLUMB's biography is a masterpiece of political and parliamentary detail, to which I have done scant justice, but the profile of the mercantilist state never quite emerges from it: one can only assume that, under those circumstances, in that privilege-ridden atmosphere, with an unreformed franchise which permitted and expected that votes should be bought and sold, Walpole was helpless to run the state in any other way. Why then was he a monster? The answer seems to be that he was morally so obtuse that he delighted in lowering the standards of public life. At the same time, under his instigation, the laws surrounding property and revenue became more and more ferocious. The headsman who chopped away at traitors in high places had less and less to do, but the hangman who strangled the petty thief was very busy. As Walpole rode through the countryside toward one of his annual "congresses"—where in his grand new mansion with its collection of old masters he drank his cronies under the table—did he experience some twinge of remorse when he saw a smuggler dangling from a wayside gibbet? Probably not: yet he invariably smuggled lace and brandy through his own network of customs.

The Pudding Age looms among the splendors and sanities of the Augustan Age like some squalid monument to property and privilege: but "Property" and "Privilege" are not the only words inscribed on it. "Constitutional Liberty" will also be found there. The Whigs were politically immoral and socially callous—theirs was a sad world for the poor man—but they stood for limited monarchy, the supremacy of Parliament, the Petition of Right, the Bill of Rights, the Toleration Act. In this respect, all they and Walpole have to teach us is something about the transforming powers of low ethics, something to the effect that good can come out of evil—which is not a lesson but a solecism. These two volumes are fascinating as literature and valuable as history; and it is certainly not Dr. Plumb's fault that their moral content is so very depressing, and that one lays them down with a sigh of relief.

Unfinished History

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR. By Hugh Thomas. Harper & Bros. 720 pp. $8.50.

Jane Stolle

THE TIME has come, Hugh Thomas says in the preface to his *The Spanish Civil War,* for a "dispassionate observer" to reassess that most passionate of wars. Mr. Thomas is well equipped personally for that role. He was five years old when the Civil War started in 1936, and was just beginning to learn his way around the playing fields of England when it ended three years later. There is little chance there for emotional identification with the bombing of Guernica or the siege of Madrid. His background as a historian reads well too: a first in history at Queen's College, Cambridge; a year at the Sorbonne; two years in the British Foreign Office, and a lecturer in politics at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Apparently a demon for work, Thomas also found time to publish two novels. Finally, after reading thousands of books and pamphlets in Spanish, English, French, German and Italian, after visiting all the main battlefields in Spain (he also talked personally to many participants in the events of those times), after studying in the libraries of Madrid, Barcelona, Paris, London and Cambridge, he wrote, in two years, this 720-page book.

The only flaw in that brilliant picture is that Thomas failed of his purpose: the truly dispassionate story of the Spanish Civil War has still not been written, and cannot be written until Franco's death — or at least until his political demise. Thomas may list twenty-five pages of bibliography at the end of his book, but the manuscripts still hidden in hundreds of bottom drawers in Spain are crucially missing. The stories of those who chose to remain in Spain in order, as one of them has said, "to fight with other means a regime that we were not able to conquer with arms," must be fitted with the versions of exiles in America and Europe before the mosaic is complete. Twenty-five years of Franco's official version of the war must be revised and annotated by Spaniards *within* Spain before a really serious and dispassionate historian would dare to quote, as Thomas has done extensively, from such presently unchallenged government-inspired documents as the thirty-five-volume *History of the Spanish Crusade,* edited by Joaquin Arraras, or from *General Cause*—the preliminary report of the mass lawsuit brought by the Spanish Nationalist Government against the Republic at the end of the war. To be fair, Thomas himself points out, in a footnote, that *General Cause* is a "document which for obvious reasons must be used warily." We are to believe, therefore, that the author so uses it. But what are the criteria of wariness required to sift facts, undistorted, from documents of such polemic and propaganda? In certain cases, Thomas convincingly corroborates *General Cause* material by citing less biased sources for the same information. Too often for a "dispassionate observer," however, he does not because he cannot.

Thomas obliquely recognizes this in

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his preface: "Of course, like all history, this picture is incomplete, shadowy and inadequate." Yet he trudged on, from library to library, from battlefield to battlefield and wrote and wrote. The question is: was history served?

Most Spaniards would say not. One —Don Pablo de Azcarate, previously Deputy Secretary General of the League of Nations and subsequently Ambassador in London of the Spanish Republic —reminded Thomas in an open letter in *España Libre*, the organ of the Confederated Spanish Societies of the United States, that he had warned the author of the difficulties of writing a "true history of the Civil War as yet." Don Pablo then goes through the book, line by line, pointing our errors in fact and interpretation. Some are minor, and reflect most of all only the intense pain with which an active participant in the chronicled events still views them. However, enough of them are of sufficient importance to make the reader ask himself uneasily—much as he might ask after reading an account in a news magazine of something he has witnessed personally—is the rest of the material *that* inaccurate?

NEVERTHELESS, history is served by Thomas, since the writing of history is a continuous process. He *has* unearthed and compiled a wealth of new and incontrovertible material about the Spanish Civil War and, despite his modest preface, has done a more than adequate job of condensing it into one book.

As a result of Thomas' research, one poignant facet of the war emerges more clearly than ever before: Spain was merely a pawn, and a small one at that, in the struggle for power that was to reach climax in World War II. Neither international fascism nor communism cared enough about winning the "War of the Spanish Obsession," as Anthony Eden at one time called it, to aid decisively one or the other side. For differing reasons, they wanted only to prolong it.

The democratic powers, fearing that intervention on their part would lead to a general European war, hemmed and hawed through years of the Non-Intervention Agreement farce—and looked the other way when it was convenient. The dreary, bloody, fratricidal war accordingly dragged on, nurtured by the starvation rations of materiel from a world readying itself for bigger battles. Captured German and Italian documents, and American, French and British government papers studied by Thomas, enable him to round out the shameful story told by eyewitnesses at the time. This is "dispassionate" historical reporting of the out-in-the-open part of the story, not a "wary" approach to the other classified, unfinished parts which still await a breakdown of the tyranny in Spain.

Later historians will acknowledge a debt to Thomas for doing much of their groundwork. But they—not Thomas—will write the definitive history of the Spanish Civil War.

Is Christianity Finished?

THE DEATH OF GOD. By Gabriel Vahanian. George Braziller. 253 pp. $5.

THE FUTURE OF UNBELIEF. By Gerhard Szczesny. George Braziller. 221 pp. $4.

THE NEW-TIME RELIGION. By Claire Cox. Prentice-Hall. 248 pp. $3.95.

Julian N. Hartt

THE BIG theological thing now going in intellectual circles is the celebration of the demise of God — a somewhat dramatic way of referring to the arrival of the "post-Christian" age. Many deep thinkers are convinced that the Christian faith, though not yet the Christian church, is out of business. Mrs. Cox has piled up the figures so far as the church is concerned: for whatever reasons, people in very large numbers are still aligning themselves with churches. She hasn't found out much about those reasons; and hardly anybody *has* bothered to find out what they are; that is, beyond sitting in the study and guessing and pontificating. Still, it must be said that Mrs. Cox has gathered many facts, rather more, actually, than this reader cares to hear about. On the other hand, Mr. Vahanian and Mr. Szczesny hardly so much as break their respective strides to salute facts in passing—so sure do they seem in their intuitive diagnoses. All of which strongly suggests a defect in the current religious situation: theologically-minded men level magisterial judgments on what, just possibly, is not the case; while the fact collectors do not appear to know what their collections are worth.

MR. SZCZESNY'S performance is quite the worst of its sort to come this way in a good while. He plays only with large counters: Religion, Metaphysics, The Scientific Outlook, etc.; which means, in this case, that he never deigns to aim his intuitive generalizations at a specific target. He contends that Christianity is no longer believable; and he declares that the substitute faiths of modernity are not viable. His intention is affirmative: he wants to show how a richly human ethic is possible once man's imagination and heart have been freed from subjection to old and new idols of unreason or "faith." Man for himself, yes; but now for the first time man correctly and adequately understood. An estimable project, certainly. What a pity that to prosecute it he creates impressionistic straw men to be heroically overcome! For instance:

> The most basic of all the ideas of Christian belief, the notion that earthly existence in itself has no meaning, but is no more than a preparatory testing ground for the eternal life, necessarily fails to lend support to man's personal and social sense of responsibility, and makes for blindness toward any faculty oriented investigation of the possibilities

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By More Than Love

Where has the voyaging
through nights of days and days
taken me to what rock I cling?

(Whatever uses me
for cave, womb, grave,
is skillful in mockery.)

Consider the cities I spilled
as carelessly as milk,
and the handful of sand I held;

consider the vision I had:
the Hero walking on water,
lover, loving, and the love of God.

Whitehanded love, fivepointed surprise,
an acid sweetness of white flowers,
it unlocked a house

curtained with starry tricks.
And I jigged there, I shouted
my games of embers and sticks —

till I rushed aflame, my hair
and my bones, and the house
and the universe burned bare.

Sift the ashes, a seed
survives, the fruit was sturdy;
more life, by another road.

Eve Triem

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offered by nature for solving life's problems.

And again:

> Christianity has assumed many forms as it came into contact with different cultures. But always the basic theme persists: a belief in a Creator-God, unbridgeably separated from the world, who once and only once revealed himself to mankind in the historic person of his son, Jesus Christ, through whom mankind can be redeemed from sin and death by belief in him, according to God's boon of faith.

It would seem that even a moment's clear reflection would have instructed Mr. Szczesny in the error of his ways, since a Creator-God who reveals himself in the historic person of his son can hardly be unbridgeably separated from the world. But in no case does he pause to tell us which theological doctors of the church are saying the things he imputes to Christianity.

Greater faults than these are discovered as his thesis unrolls. He says:

> Western man's emancipation from the spiritualistic and dualistic Christian metaphysic is basically characterized by a discovery of the unity of all being, which revelation has spilled over into the general awareness.

Who speaks for the "general awareness"? *Who* has discovered the "unity of all being"? The phrase is a slogan, not a proposal supported with argument. Again:

> Reality, however, is a process, an all-inclusive, inextricably interlaced becoming. If such is the case, God can only be either the beginning or the end of the world-process, but never an essence existing apart from, or in contradiction to, this process.

Here he states a program; but he states it in the mode of a result, as though it were perfectly clear as a proposition and the evidence for it were all in. But straightway he acknowledges that the shape of his argument is contingent: "*if* such is the case," etc. There's the rub. *If* some metaphysical view purportedly continuous with physics (whatever that would mean) is itself true, *then* Christianity (on the supposition that it expresses a very different view) is wrong or false. It is therefore up to the author to remove the contingency and to remove it philosophically — that is, by metaphysical arguments rather than by intuitive assessments of the consciousness of contemporary man. He would then be in a much better position to take on a formidable question, viz., the relation between metaphysical beliefs and ethical prescriptions on the one hand, and the relation of both to the actual conduct of human affairs.

Mr. Szczesny assumes that men will conduct themselves better when they are straightened out theologically. But suppose that we did all come to see that our lives are seized in the web of universal necessity, would we begin, as a strict consequence, to seek the things consistent with that belief and eschew the things not consistent with it? An affirmative answer gives aspiration more scope than his metaphysics can accommodate. A negative answer drives metaphysics to futility. Spinoza, his mentor of necessity, had a shrewder view: many of us are kept faithful to the good of the community by the power of Biblical religion, in which therefore is also salvation.

Mr. Szczesny's essay is a specimen of confusion: He confuses the things people profess an inability to believe with what is in itself unbelievable, i.e., what would flout both fact and logic.

I am sure he is right in calling attention to the difficulties of leading a Christian life in our world. If I may speak in the confessional mode for the moment, I would think these difficulties were largely practical or empirical in character and not metaphysical; and that no other age could have been really more comfortable for this purpose.

MR. VAHANIAN is concerned to show how contemporary life is governed by assumptions no longer Christian even in vague profession. He seeks to show how other forms of religiousness, other "gods," have arisen, and notably the exaltation of man himself to the position once enjoyed by Christ alone. "In Toynbee's warning, the danger today is not a re-emergence of nature-worship but the creeping religiosity of man-worship." This is a religiousness which carries with it an anthropocentric ethic (what Szczesny applauds, Vahanian decries). But Vahanian attempts to give his analysis an empirical grounding: "God's absence, or the death of God itself, has become what a man directly experiences."

At the risk of appearing either dull-witted or callous to the spiritual misery of contemporary man we have to ask, Who is this man to whom God's absence is an item of direct and immediate experience? Heidegger speaks of the silence of God in our time; and a host of lesser figures in the café world chant the refrain; but here, surely, each man must speak for himself and keep silence for himself. I suppose, therefore, that what Vahanian means by the death of God is the relative poverty of belief in the God of traditional Christian affirmation. But here his essay suffers cruelly from deficient analysis. He does not know how many people still believe in that God, nor does anybody else know. He does not know how many people think ill of their moral performance because they cannot square it with their belief in God. Then what evidence *is* available in support of the cry that God is dead? There is the testimony of creative artists who, by definition, reveal the ethos; and the all-pervading sense in our culture that the transcendent dimensions of existence are lost to view. But here again we have to ask how Vahanian *knows* this sense has gone so far and done so much damage. We intellectuals seem to know all about this; but our confidence touches the earth of fact very gingerly indeed.

WHAT puzzles me about Vahanian's views here is his strong argument in support of his thesis that there never *was* a Christian civilization. His attack on Eliot, for instance, is brisk and persuasive. Moreover, his criticisms of Maritain's Catholic humanism are shrewd; and perhaps march to the triumph of proving that a Christian civilization is an impossible (and, just possibly, sinful) dream anyway. Very well. But then why and how speak of "post-Christian"? I suppose he means to show that the Christian faith no longer serves as the inevitable and productive ground for criticism of culture. Men have always done immoral and foolish things, no doubt; but now they no longer judge these things to be either immoral or foolish by Christian standards: that is, the generality does not do so. And this because immanental religiousness has replaced every authentic sense of the transcendent.

I have already expressed my conviction that Vahanian does not in fact know this much about the generality of existing persons. There are two further problems: one, he should have learned from his existentialistic mentors, beginning with Kierkegaard: that the decisive moment of "faith" is inalienably solitary. What, in his solitariness a person really believes, and what he really loves and is prepared to entrust with his soul's treasure, may have very inadequate external registration. Today we incline strongly to view this situation as abnormal, and persistence in maintaining it, a vice. But because the forces making for uniformity of attitude and opin-

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ion are so strong, the resistant inner life becomes more heavily disguised; and the normalities of commerce with the external world become less and less reliable as indices of that inner condition.

And the second problem: if we have indeed entered the post-Christian religious age, the vestigial Christian — theologian and other — has an impossible assignment, *really* impossible, for then the ground and principle of his critique of this age are meaningless; and his persistence in criticism must by his contemporaries be judged to be an exercise in obsolete piety and by himself a duty rendered only to God experienced as a nullity or an absence.

So here again Vahanian is in something like the situation of Szczesny. Ostensibly, he is reporting the spiritual actualities of the present age. Actually, he is making a series of theological judgments upon these actualities. Unless his procedure is purely confessional, he has an obligation therefore to support that theological ground of criticism; and thereafter to show how ethical prescriptions are entailed by a true theology.

Vahanian is right in saying that the "spirit of the age" is immanental. It is in fact introspective, to a horrid fault. And somehow, it is thought, the full and proper expression of our plight will open a door to truth and grace. Which being translated means that even theologians are capable of confusing the psychological difficulties people profess to have in believing something with the degree of intelligibility that thing may in itself have or may want. Hence, if Szczesny can demonstrate that Christianity is a metaphysical error breeding moral mischief, then let us get on with the demonstration and leave to others the religious reordering of the world. And if Vahanian is convinced that the Biblical faith is true, let him stand on it and not worry whether one who so believes is bound to cut a sorry figure among the enlightened. There is a time to mourn the misery of the present age but it is not the same time as that in which a man either makes his own witness or confesses his own emptiness as a defect rather than a virtue. It happens that at the present moment the spokesmen of religious emptiness include more prize winners in the arts than the ranks of piety can boast. So what? Are the former the only "authentic" spirits above ground? So to believe is presumption or parochialism, or something compact of both.

No Nook to Hide In

THE BEDBUG AND SELECTED POETRY. By Vladimir Mayakovsky. Edited and introduced by Patricia Blake. Translations by Max Hayward and George Reavey. Meridian Books. 317 pp. $4 cloth; $1.55 paper.

M. L. Rosenthal

ALMOST everything, good or bad, I have ever read by Vladimir Mayakovsky — or heard about him — has suggested that vibrant order of human presence without which ideas and faiths are but abstractions and art is but ritual or affectation. I associate his poetry, somewhat arbitrarily, with the memory of certain Yiddish poets and actors I heard declaiming in my childhood; it has the same gloriously rhetorical manner unknown to most English-speaking poets today. At its best, this manner is not bombast but the acting out of a role to its hilt, like the rhetoric of *King Lear*. In someone like Mayakovsky it is the realization, through passion, of feeling so intense it seems to break the shell of art within which it came to birth and to go on to a life of its own:

I feel
my "I"
is too small for me.
Stubbornly a body pushes out of me.

Hello!
Who's speaking?
Mamma?
Mamma!
Your son is gloriously ill!
Mamma!
His heart is on fire.
Tell his sisters, Lyuda and Olya,
he has no nook to hide in. . . .

("The Cloud in Trousers")

A poet who writes like this has gone beyond his formal technique, like a scientist who, having solved his problem, is no longer concerned with the laboratory equipment. He has got to where he was going. That may be why some poets burn up the resources of their art at such an early age, abandoning it as Rimbaud did or, at the saddest extreme, committing suicide as Hart Crane and Mayakovsky both did in their thirties, and as Dylan Thomas did less deliberately. Whatever poetry at so intense a pitch of projection may say to the reader, to the poet it is an irrevocable commitment, an end in itself, an achieved state that leaves him

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naked in the wind. Mayakovsky's suicide in 1930, at thirty-six, may well have been caused as much by this fact as by the political pressures so acutely described in Patricia Blake's introduction to her selections from his work. The vital anguish of the original Russian makes itself felt even in these translations. It is the same anguish that dominates his last note: "This is not a way out (I do not recommend it to others), but I have none other . . . . Seriously—there was nothing else I could do. Greetings."

Greetings! It is as from Jesus on the cross, if we imagine a Jesus completely absorbed in the compulsion to sacrifice himself and in the sensation of crucifixion rather than in spiritual indoctrination. (But there is also an elusive but inescapable "spiritual" side to Mayakovsky, particularly in his pursuit of the meaning of love in so many poems. In this respect, he is not far from the paradoxical Christianity of William Blake.) And indeed, in "The Cloud in Trousers" Mayakovsky had written:

I am where pain is—everywhere;
on each drop of the ear-flow
I have nailed myself on the cross. . . .

An earlier poem, "I," written before he was twenty, brings out the anguish of realization in a hard, ironic imagery of cruelty. The poet in a personal way, the Russian people in their revolutionary break from the past, are seen awaking to the death of their previous, childlike innocence and to the horrors behind the awakening:

I love to watch children dying.
Do you note, behind protruding
nostalgia,
the shadowy billow of laughter's
surf?
But I—
in the reading room of the streets—
have leafed so often through the
volume of the coffin.

Hart Crane is the only American poet who could have written these terrifying lines. They strike with an unforgettable authority that is the key to Mayakovsky. "Behind his manner," writes Pasternak, "something like decision took one by surprise, decision when it is already put into action and its consequences can no longer be averted. His genius was such a decision, and a meeting with it had once so amazed him that it became his theme's prescription for all times, for the incarnation of which he gave himself without pity or vacillation."

It was Mayakovsky's fate to be dramatically "present," in a way that Pasternak, with his tangential subtleties and fastidiousness of personality, could not have been. Given his background as a Communist in early youth, expelled from school, imprisoned; and given his need to dominate the occasion, he had to become *the* spokesman of that electric Russian moment in which his exuberant and tragic youth realized itself. It was he who made his poetry a bridge between the devout past and the Bolshevist future of Russia:

I have seen Christ escape from an
icon,
and the slush tearfully kiss
the wind-swept fringe of his tunic. . . .

and:

the year 1916 cometh
in the thorny crown of revolutions. . . .

Then, just as war converts individual men with opinions into uniformed soldiers, the Soviet State partially converted the *poète maudit* and prophet into a civil servant, a slogan-coiner and jingle-maker and official bard. Since he was one of those people who must be noticed, must be heard, whether "right" or "wrong" and under whatever system they live, he allowed himself to be used this way and even pitched himself into it with great enthusiasm. Yet he realized clearly that he was sacrificing himself in this work, and tried in the poem "An Extraordinary Adventure Which Befell Vladimir Mayakovsky in a Summer Cottage" to construct an image of heroic expenditure of energies for the common good that would justify the stupendous waste of talent:

Suddenly—I
shone in all my might,
and morning rang its round.
Always to shine,
to shine everywhere,
to the very deeps of the last days,
to shine—
and to hell with everything else!
That is my motto—
and the sun's!

This vision of sacrificial service seemed appropriate enough for the poet who had once expressed the wish to glorify "men as crumpled as hospital beds" and "women as battered as proverbs." Mayakovsky was sure he could reconcile it with his own extravagant, original personality, and it took a dozen hectic years to wear his morale down to the point at which he could no longer find reassurance in the meaning of the world he had helped create. Probably, too, as with Hart Crane at the end, his poetry was no longer a source of strength to him; the battery had gone dead. What wore him down, Miss Blake thinks, was not so much hostile criticism as a growing sense of the coming terror of the Stalin period. But until these two kinds of breakdown, personal and political, combined to destroy him, Mayakovsky handled himself confidently.

Moreover, despite propagandistic poems like *150,000,000* (categorized by Pasternak as "uncreative"), he continued to write in the old intransigent brooding way. The 1922 sequence "I Love" is not political but psychological, self-analytical. It traces his pursuit of an ultimate, essential experience of a love made spiritual to the bitter deprivations of childhood when his "little heart" had had to content itself with nothing human but only the sun, the river, and a "hundred mile stretch of rock." In Paris the poet became entangled with the most un-proletarian of creatures, the elegant White Russian émigrée who is the subject of "Letter from Paris to Comrade Kostrov on the Nature of Love." The poem is brilliant in its evocation of the sensuousness and turmoil of this love, and explicit in its defiance:

. . . the stalled motor
of the heart
has started to work
again.
You have broken the thread
to Moscow. . . .
Who
can
control this?
Can you?
Try it . . .

In the year of his death Mayakovsky summoned up all his indignation and disdain in the merciless, unfinished "At the Top of My Voice." He contrasts himself with the sycophantic operators, phonies and effete half-poets of the new order (attacking them by name). He chooses a deliberately unglamorous but extremely sardonic figure (when we consider that the Revolution had originally meant *freedom* to its finest proponents) for the meaning of his own career:

My verse
by labor
will break the mountain chain
of years,
and will present itself
ponderous,
crude,
tangible,
as an aqueduct,
by slaves of Rome
constructed. . . .

Then came the crackup. Until that moment he was one of those people of

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such stature, with voices so ringingly and hypnotically sure, that they survive and make themselves felt long after weaker mortals have lost both courage and perspective. Look at his *The Bedbug*, the only play included in this volume. It is a kind of miracle, but it really was produced. In the first act its protagonist, Prisypkin, is a comic villain, a formerly militant worker who abandons his class-consciousness and his true love to make himself a comfortable marriage and gain all the vulgar, bourgeois satisfactions. Amid the clowning and the marvelous incidental satire he shows up as a pretty contemptible fellow. A drunken quarrel at the wedding leads to a fire in which everyone except Prisypkin is killed. He is preserved in the ice formed from water the firemen's hoses have poured into the zero-cold cellar and is found fifty years later. The second part of the play concerns the unfreezing of Prisypkin in the Utopian world of the future, a world completely if benevolently regimented—scientific, hygienic, banal, and free of art, romance, or, indeed, any kind of purely personal meaning. Now Prisypkin, that same drunken, self-centered, unclean, unpredictable lout, becomes a tragic hero. Before he can infect too many others with his "diseases," he is isolated in the zoo, while the bedbug preserved with him from an earlier era is hunted down and put away as a rare and valuable specimen. At the end we see him pleading with his fellow citizens of the advanced Socialist society to become "unfrozen" and rejoin him in his suffering ordinary humanity.

First produced in 1928, the play was no great success. In 1955, however, it was revived and became, according to Miss Blake, a "smash hit." Actually, the play was first produced before the most reactionary era had set in, so that—as Miss Blake suggests—few people gave it very serious attention. But the very fact that it had been produced probably created a certain "tolerance" for it (though Meyerhold, its first producer, is said to have died in a concentration camp after 1939). In any case, it seems hard to doubt that the play means what it seems to mean, and that it reveals the two sides of Mayakovsky—his devotion to the Soviet cause and his hatred and fear of the mediocrity and the taming of the soul that cause nourished in its bosom. If this is true, then his Prisypkin is the poor, crucified Everyman of *Ulysses* and of *Waiting for Godot*, as well as of the beveled-and-leveled future envisioned by the publicists and planners of East and West alike.

ART

Max Kozloff

WITH a modest lack of fanfare, the Guggenheim Museum recently opened its first exhibition of a season under completely new management. If the inaugural show is any indication, we can expect some innovations, at least in terms of physical format. A series of medium-sized one man affairs (about fifteen works each) will present living artists as frequently, perhaps, as every month. As an idea this certainly allows for a supple and fresh kind of programing. It remains to be seen what art the Guggenheim will try to throw into competition with its own aggressive, rather loopy show spaces.

This month, the art on display can be said to have won the victory, but I am not at all sure it was worth it. The pictures by two New York artists, Alfred Jensen and Raymond Parker, are for the most part grandiose, presumptuous canvases, not unlike great academic "machines" which physically reduce all competitors to insignificance. Coming up from the lower ramps, past paintings from the permanent collection which still retain such old-fashioned virtues as intimacy and nuance, one suddenly enters a cold, impersonal and outrageously schematized world. It is chilling, but not necessarily bracing.

Jensen's paintings, however, are the sort of pictorial reductions that refuse to be taken at face value. His titles alone, *An Influence of the Earth's Motion on Optical Phenomena*, or *A World in Itself, Per I, J. W. Von Goethe*, hint that more is meant than meets the eye. And the exhibition prelude, a collage of clippings and comments upon the Gagarin space flight, states quite baldly that we are in the presence of THOUGHT. Jensen sprinkles a *mélange* of astrophysical notations over an essentially graph-, chart-, or grid-like composition. Combined with his prismatic color sequences, they suggest technical demonstrations far more than they do normal abstract paintings. It is as though the proper business of art were not to treat sensuous material, but rather to document, on one hand, the new technological order and, on the other, the perennial cosmological "harmony of the spheres."

But the Jensen diagrams, for all that, are not in the least pedantic. They hit you with solid, totally saturated oranges, blacks, dull reds, Prussian blues and chartreuses which make it impossible to concentrate on mathematical formulas, even supposing that they exist in fact. With its troweled-on, frosting-like surfaces, its paint-box color, its arrows, pluses and minuses which mimic the blackboard repartee of an

MAX KOZLOFF is a painter, critic and art historian. He teaches at New York University, Washington Square.

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absent-minded professor, any Jensen painting belies its scientific pretensions. On the contrary, his work is terrifically gay. It is also flat. Rather than looking back at *Erpi Classroom Films,* he seems to draw inspiration from UPA cartoons. Psychologically this might be the nicer choice, but it still keeps his work insufficiently sardonic, while pictorially it is too facile and monotonous. As for his specifically artistic sources, Jensen creates elegant semaphores that recall Klee or Delaunay, and inevitably Mondrian, but with far less structural and chromatic sensitivity. He mixes contexts without illuminating them, and the initial pique we feel at seeing references to spectrum analyses or radarscopes clothed in the accents of de Stijl rapidly disintegrates into satisfaction with the merely posteresque. To update a style now more than forty years old by celebrating a rocket flight may be a natural idea, but not, ultimately, an effective one. Or is it only effective? The literalness with which Jensen combines his various sources never quite succeeds in bringing off a startling enough paradox; that is, his motifs are only juxtaposed when they were meant to be amalgamated. Though an able technician, this painter has not yet given us anything new, either in the realm of thought, or of form. He plays checkers rather than chess; but his game, at least, is a fluent one.

RAYMOND PARKER'S art, in contrast, sidesteps all of the Jensen type of problems because it refuses to have anything whatsoever to do with the spirit of contradiction. Parker is the author of enormous pictures that sometimes consist of as many as four or five unhappily placed inert blobby shapes, typically beige, salmon, or blue in color. They have an abandoned look, as if a wall painter had forgotten to go over his own paint samples. More particularly, they suggest to me lugubrious birthmarks that crowd out the embarrassed white flesh of canvas beneath. To give Parker every benefit of the doubt, one might guess that he intends some archetypal or obsessive symbol, and that he risks the obvious in order to gain the monumental. No one will question the legitimacy of such an ambition. But a glance, and a very quick one at that, is enough to drain any one of his paintings of interest—paintings whose simplicity, or rather simple-mindedness, is not deceptive. When I force myself to look longer than a glance, the same unresonant presence asserts itself. Parker's work neither grips the spectator instantaneously, nor encourages prolonged contemplation. Alongside this, the objection that the artist unabashedly, even blatantly, reveals his dependence on a phase of Adolph Gottlieb, is only minor. The opening event at the Guggenheim, then, badly combines propagandistic proportions with slender talent. A shaky start.

In the Grave

It travels away from us
all the sweet music

of an old man running to find his
bough,

or music? Or is it the shape
of the old man himself

that so enthralls
us? Or music and

shape one that the figure
departing is made a

"chune" in the head
that knows we hear it

see its shape, away
away from us, we run faster

it is out of the senses
altogether running

away and almost
out of nature.

Gilbert Sorrentino

FILMS

Robert Hatch

RENE CLEMENT, the director of *Forbidden Games,* has made in *Purple Noon* a very pretty thriller, set in the very pretty *L'Avventura* country. The film has the added curiosity value that it casts two young Frenchmen, Alain Delon and Maurice Ronet, as a pair of decadent Americans. These are modeled on various pictures starring James Dean and Anthony Perkins and the impersonations are good facsimiles of our cinema society—if the elegant chums look too much like male fashion models to be entirely convincing, we have our own movies to blame.

Alain Delon's Tom Ripley is poor and decadent, which makes him considerably more lethal than the preposterously wealthy Philippe. Halfway through the picture, the poor boy kills the rich boy as they are sailing the Mediterranean in a great varnished bully of a cruising sloop. From that point, the story drops its paperback psychologizing and takes on the familiar, satisfying formula of a police chase. Tom assumes the identity (also the letter of credit and the mistress) of Philippe and, by a series of desperate stratagems and an incidental murder, contrives for a time to maintain the assumption that his victim is still alive. The end of all this is admirably grisly, though a little pat.

The girl friend, Marie Laforet, is one of those bluestocking tramps made popular by Françoise Sagan, and she is also a little pat—though most striking in an extensive wardrobe of "Riviera casuals." Indeed, the whole picture is as handsome as an issue of *Holiday.*

THE subject of Philippe de Broca's *The Joker* is love—love in the abstract, love that laughs at locksmiths, the love celebrated by "vive la difference!" It is not about people in love, which it need not be, since it is a farce and not a comedy.

Jean-Pierre Cassel, a dancer as well as a comic, trips a *pas seul* back and forth and over the roofs of Paris, pursuing the wife (Anouk Aimee) of a rich broker, who prefers stocks to negligees. The agile lover is abetted by a family of uncles and aunts, who are dedicated to zany dress and bizarre domestic arrangements, and variously accomplished as chefs and amateur musicians.

This concept is fine—we need an occasional hymn to cupid and such fancies can be pleasantly outrageous without invoking the sordid lusts and sorrows of human behavior. There are some charming moments in M. de Broca's meringue and he brings it at the end to a wry and not pointless conclusion. It is a pity, therefore, that he couldn't sustain the fluffiness. Whimsy labors when it loses pace and when it labors it turns arch I was too often aware that these performers were pounding out charm until the sweat started from their foreheads. Not every generation is blessed with a René Clair.

JEROME HILL, a man of means and inventive energy, has a pleasant, if not entirely novel, idea to develop in *The Sand Castle.* A solitary boy, assisted by his baby sister (and a surprisingly mature grasp of medieval urban development), devotes a summer afternoon to building a fortified town in the damp sand above the tide. The passing hours bring an assortment of holiday makers to the place where the boy works, and in a half-abstracted way he is aware of amusement, admiration, interference and help. Then a storm drives the beach clear of life, except for the children and their dog. Huddled in the

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lee of his great fort, the boy dreams a fairy-tale version of the afternoon. He is awakened by his mother, in time to watch in rueful acceptance as the rising water sweeps his creation away.

Amateurs of photography are drawn to the beach again and again — they cannot appease their appetite for the picturesque trash washed in by the sea or the human eccentrics attracted by grit and sun. So *The Sand Castle*, if not exactly repetitious, is made up of smoothly familiar ingredients: starfish and sportive nuns; infatuated fishermen and hysterical gulls; a fat man, a skinny dame, some young men building muscle, lovers, gossipers getting their feet wet, an amateur painter, a fussy lady with an understanding heart. It all photographs most excellently, but I think beaches should be closed to cinematic lyricists for a year or so.

The real fault I find, though, in a picture I spasmodically enjoyed, is its over-management. The children are left pretty much alone, and they photograph with the sweet, commonplace magic of their age. But Mr. Hill is forever thinking up things for his adults to do, and the cast (I assume amateur) is no good at all at pretending they would behave so of their own accord. Genre documentaries require patience — the long waits for the superb accidents — but Mr. Hill seems not the sort of man who idles around in this hopeful way. He has paid for his restlessness by producing a film which, for all its central charm, is often busy, self-conscious and strained.

For his dream sequence (in color), the director employed cardboard figures, which he animated by stop-photography and manipulated through the corridors and chambers of a Victorian paper cutout castle. Again, the managerial ingenuity is impressive — and much in evidence. I found this (fortunately brief) section of the film humorless and dull.

All this means that *The Sand Castle* is not, in my opinion, a very good picture. And yet I hate to say so, for it does capture the modest absorption of the talented boy, and the sandpiper diligence of his little sister, trotting the beach on her "helpful" errands.

At the U.N.

(Continued from page 193)

the desire of the majority of the member nations to keep the U.N. strong; and, given enough time for discussion, they believe that the majority will reject a rigid *troika* as weakening. But until the idea is aired, it will hang as a threat over the head of the organization.

But even if the USSR abandons the *troika*, it will not be easy to find the right man. The first General Assembly on January 24, 1946, decided that the terms of appointment should be such as to enable a man of "eminence and high attainment" to accept and maintain the position. It was difficult, even in those halcyon days of East-West friendship, to find a mutually acceptable man who not only complied with the above requirements, but who would be willing to leave whatever job he had for one so fraught with potential international obloquy. In addition, the General Assembly narrowed the field by stating that, because the Secretary General was the confidant of so many governments, it was desirable that no member state should offer him, immediately upon his retirement from the U.N., any governmental position and that he, on his part, should refrain from accepting any. There are not many selfless men of Trygve Lie's and Dag Hammarskjold's "eminence and high attainment."

However, if the decision is made to seek him, there is little doubt he will eventually be found. Though both of the previous Secretaries General were found outside the organization, there is a strong feeling in some quarters that this time he should come from within it — and not just the interim Secretary General, but the permanent one. The problems faced by the organization have become so complex and numerous that a man who has "grown up" with them, so to speak, would be best equipped to deal with them. Too, having seen the pitfalls of an over-concentration of power from the inside, he would be more likely to share responsibility.

Meanwhile, committee chairmen are readying their agendas and anticipating battles over such old items as the admission of mainland China and new-old ones such as disarmament and the cessation of nuclear testing.

This will be a long and troubled session.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 931

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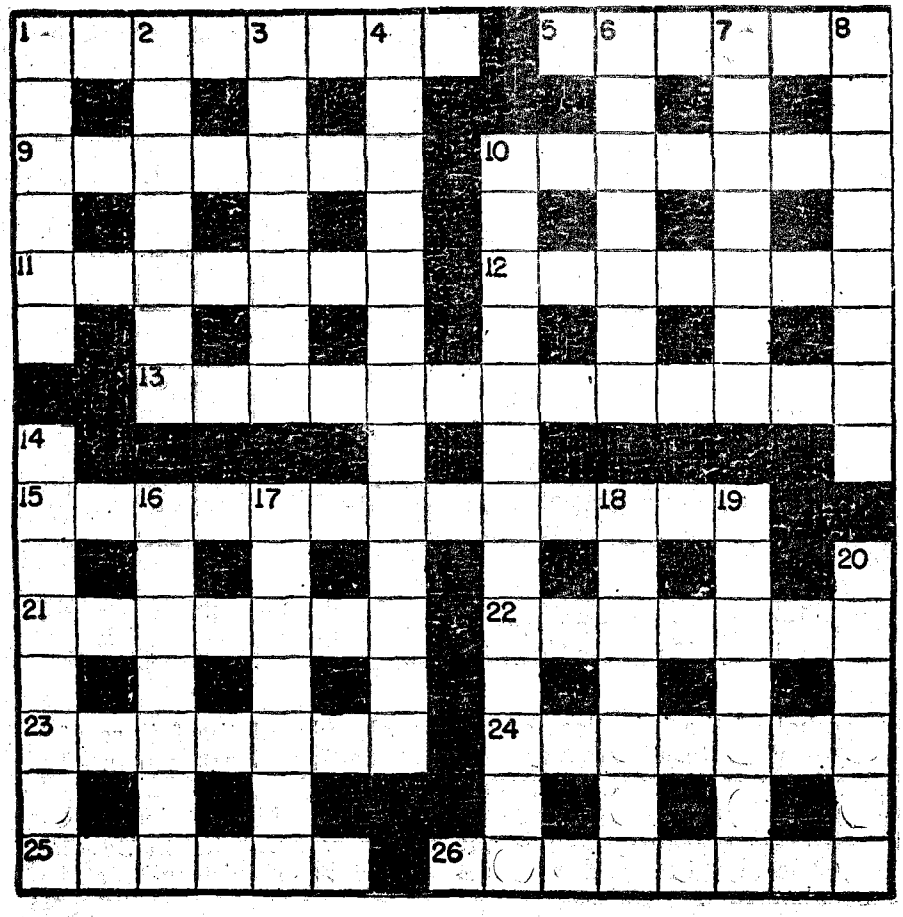

ACROSS:

1 and 25 They wouldn't find it possible to pull leather. (4-4, 6)
5 Materials put down in writing, as an added thought. (6)
9 High wind. (7)
10 Her sort is certainly no longer found. (7)
11 Folders perhaps typified by John Gilpin? (7)
12 Meet with the dentist? (7)
13 Some bits and pieces of it found around a South American town, causing scratches, probably. (8, 5)
15 A sort of leather with a soft finish? (Possibly about ready to leave the Office.) (6, 7)
21 Is Iris one of contrary expressions? (7)
22 See 14 down
23 They mark the course of torrents. (7)
24 Continued to be left around a sort of curve. (7)
25 See 1 across
26 They might cause bigger bumps than 13. (8)

DOWN:

1 Their standing is probably better than that of the lower orders. (6)
2 What some people do with wasteland is a miracle, in a way! (7)
3 They go to extremes in extreme youth. (7)
4 Bridge functions? People shouldn't work at them. (5, 8)
6 An essay of Dali on Cubism brings out a little of the jungle, perhaps. (4, 3)
7 The position of a pawn? (2, 5)
8 As secure as an old end. (8)
10 Like my honey, five feet two? (5, 3, 5)
14 and 22 One who might get you out of jail with a sort of plane is in a pet, perhaps. (8, 7)
16 Dropped a line in singing? (7)
17 Broken in three pieces, nor yet put together? (7)
18 Rafe Rackstraw might have perhaps been born this. (7)
19 It could be what gold is supposed to do, but not exclusively. (That's tough when a body has it!) (7)
20 Views, perhaps, of what one sometimes does on coming home hurriedly. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 930

ACROSS: 1 Polemic; 5 Mollify; 9 Outmost; 10 Comical; 11 Yak; 13 Elixir; 15 Kimono; 16 Settled; 17 Tier; 19 Eels; 20 Ultimatum; 21 Prim; 23 and 4 Sagacity; 26 Fritter; 28 Thesis; 29 Debark; 30 Act; 32 Hearken; 33 Asunder; 34 Ratings; 35 Paladin. DOWN: 1 and 30 Protestants; 2 Lattice; 3 Maoris; 5 Mock; 6 Limpid; 7 Inclose; 8 Yellows; 12 Automatic; 14 Rectors; 15 and 18 Kettledrum; 19 Ems; 21 Pitcher; 22 Inexact; 24 Awarded; 25 Alkoran; 26 Firkin; 27 Refuel; 31 Tamp.

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THE CALIFORNIAN

In the Shadow of Chessman—Paul Crump

Eight Years on Death Row

By WILLIAM FRIEDKIN
Writer-Director, WGN-TV, Chicago

A little more than a year ago, **THE CALIFORNIAN** was at the heart of the fight for Caryl Chessman. Now, another case, equally important and shot full of the same type of injustices, is made this magazine's focal point for the abolition of capital punishment.

The man on Death Row this time is not a genius or a famous writer, although he is intelligent and writes quite well. But that is not why his case is not attracting nationwide attention: he is a Negro, from the poverty of Chicago's Black Belt. He was considered important enough, however, for Jack Johnson, Warden of Cook County Jail, to make the following statement:

> **"Paul Crump is an excellent example of the success of the rehabilitation philosophy. He could today, if released, easily take his place in society."**

Paul Crump is also a living symbol of the injustices of our penal code, of the failure of the poor, especially from minority groups, to obtain proper representation. When you read Bill Friedkin's story in the October issue of **THE CALIFORNIAN**, we think you will become as angry as we are, that you will agree **Paul Crump** has never been given his day in court or in the press, that he has suffered cruel and unjust punishment, that he has been on Death Row for eight years (waiting out 40 legal actions) despite serious doubt of his guilt, and that capital punishment should be abolished.

* * * *

You may also be interested in the following articles in the October issue:

TRIALS OF A STUDENT PROTEST GROUP—by **Linda Grant,** past editor of the official daily newspaper at San Francisco State College. While SLATE, the student protest group at the University of California, has been given most of the publicity, the story of SCOPE at S.F. State is perhaps even more typical of the revival of student unrest on campuses across the nation.

MEANEST COMPANY IN THE WORLD—This is the top story in **THE CALIFORNIAN's** regular feature, "The World of Business," documented and name-naming articles dealing with some of the nation's biggest corporations. It deals with a company (named) caught short-changing kiddies on its world-famous candy bar (named).

'SOCIALIZED MEDICINE' IN BRITAIN—by **Ronald Fraser,** British novelist and former reporter, editor and chief of The Hague Bureau of Reuters.

To THE CALIFORNIAN, Dept. N-4, 308 Delger Bldg., 1005 Market St., San Francisco 3, Calif.

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